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AUGUST 23, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

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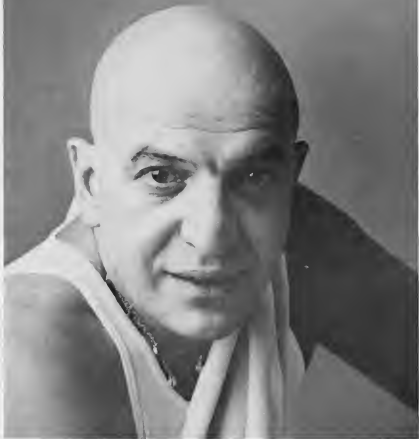
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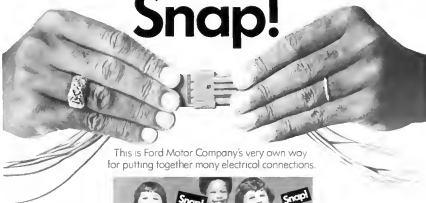
PLUNGING DOWNa mountain at 124 mph—the velocity reached by someone falling off a tall building—speed skiers, Christopher Matthews says, are not bent on suicide but on records and emotional highs.

GROWING UP is what Chris Evert, everyone's darling five years ago, everyone's target more recently, has been doing behind her Ice Maiden image while becoming nearly unbeatable. *Curry Kirkpatrick reports*

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SCORECARD

Edited by COLES PHINNEY

THE ODD WAR

Through no fault of her own, last week Chris Evert, president of the Women's Tennis Association, was going two ways at once. At a press conference, she confirmed her long-standing opinion that the women's purse at Wimbledon should equal the men's. The afternoon that she came out for parity at the pay window, she had no choice but to admit the disparity of the sexes on the playing court.

Specifically, she was concerned that Dr. Renee Richards, the transsexual, was planning to enter major women's tournaments, including the U.S. Open at Forest Hills. Speaking as an individual in a television interview, Chris said that Dr. Richards should take the chromosome test to prove her femininity. Under her previous name, Dr. Richard Raskind, the present Dr. Richards had played quite good tennis as a male. It is doubtful if Dr. Richards could pass the chromosome test. Even if she did, some medical men feel she would carry over to women's tennis residual advantages from having been a male.

Chris Evert's ambivalence in this odd circumstance is understandable. Dr. Renee Richards is the one we feel is at fault. After insisting two weeks ago that she had the "same right to play as any other woman," Dr. Richards turned the matter over to a lawyer (who is negotiating an agent contract for her upcoming book). Because of Dr. Richards' insistence, the USTA decreed last Saturday that she and every other woman competitor—all 184 of them—will have to take the chromosome test to determine their eligibility for the U.S. Open a week hence.

Boiling it down to the simplicities that transmed legality, Dr. Richards played as a man for 25 years. Although she occasionally gave a few like Ham Richardson a scare in early rounds, she never got to the top. Now 41, she wants to go against the best women. If she should master them, will she have truly won, or will it be part of the he still in her?

Dr. Richards has the right to choose

her sex and name. And, indeed, she has a right to play the game, but should she muck it up for the other ladies? Is she an egocentric or just ignorantly selfish? Gene Scott, the director who is allowing her to play in the women's division of the South Orange Tournament this week, has described her as a "terrific sportsman." Perhaps once she was, but what is she now?

EIGHT THE HARD WAY

Last week we suggested that in the field of 2,655 golfers trying to qualify for this week's U.S. Amateur, incurable hunch players might be attracted to a real long shot, a little-known entrant named Monte Carlo Money from Las Vegas.

This week we present the sort of hunch player we had in mind: Stan Gilberts, a service-station owner in Glendale, Calif. Two Sundays ago—on the eighth day of the eighth month of the year—Gilberts' daughter, Mrs. Kristi Harper, bore an eight-pound, eight-ounce baby boy. That afternoon at the Del Mar track Gilberts bet \$8 across the board on the No. 8 horse in the eighth race, the La Jolla Mile (or, if you will, the La Jolla Eight Furlongs). The horse, aptly named Today and Tomorrow, won, netting Gilberts \$80.80.

THE BOOMER NEVER LIES

His blazing slap shot, his zest for scuffling with rivals and officials, his unfettered use of four letter words on and off the ice are all part of the past, but the Canuck charisma and the lovely fractured English of Bernard (Boom Boom) Geoffrion live on. After finishing his coaching career with the Atlanta Flames, Geoffrion, the Boomer from Montreal, did a TV commercial for Miller's Lite Beer. As you may recall, after making a specific pitch for the beer, Geoffrion says, "When you play hockey the way I play hockey, you make a lot of enemies." Whereupon a pack of irate players comes through the bar door after him. A lot of Canadian viewers objected to the ad

because it suggested that hockey was a violent game.

Perish the thought.

In his present job as marketing vice-president for the Flames, the Boomer has made two more 30-second commercials, which few Canadians will have the opportunity to find objectionable—they are broadcast only around Atlanta to attract fans to the Flames' games. In both ads Geoffrion looks more out of place than Joe Namath does plugging cologne and corn poppers, and therein lies the charm.

One ad has a Bicentennial theme. It opens with the Boomer dressed as an adult George Washington, complete with wig and Continental uniform, hacking away at a cherry tree. An off-camera voice says, "A message from one of our founding fathers." Geoffrion turns from his chopping to urge viewers to watch the Flames play "da best game in da whole world." As he finishes the spiel, the cherry axe topples behind him, and the Boomer exclaims, "I didn't do dot."

THE GREENING OF AMERICA

As anyone who has traveled with them knows, family pets that are not housebroken can be a nuisance on the road. The larger the pet, the greater the problem. Because the elephants, llamas and camels in its menagerie are not house trained and its jungle cats are far from fastidious, the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus used to have quite a problem on tour, until one employee, Charles Fox, had a bright idea.

Last summer Fox suggested the circus people could simplify the task of leaving each town as clean as they found it by informing home gardeners through local newspapers and radio that exotic manure was available at no cost. When the first public offering was made in Houston last July, the circus exhausted a one-day supply in two hours and had to turn 20 gardeners away. This year in their travels across the land, from Jacksonville to Boston to San Diego, Ringling's two troupes are finding that the demand for exotic manure is exceeding production capacity. Indeed, the circus is thinking about packaging and marketing the by-product, using the sales pitch "pachyderm powered," because elephants are the major source.

Old P. T. Barnum, who was famous for his ability to turn problems into profits, is no doubt smiling proudly down on his successors.

BY ANY NAME

Call them what you will, Chinese Nationalists or Taiwanese, two teams of inscrutable, almost unbeatable baseball boys from the island once called Formosa are back on our shores, taking on the best of the rest of the world's Little Leaguers. The Taiwanese first made news in 1969 when they won the World Series of the Little League's most popular division, the one for 11- and 12-year-olds. By the time the Taiwanese kids had won four more World Series, racking up football scores and pitching no-hitters, the press was describing their opposition as "token resistance." The dominance of the Taiwanese has been such that they made still bigger news last week (and rocked their home island) by losing to a Japanese team, thereby failing to make the World Series for the first time in seven tries.

Although the littlest Taiwanese have gotten the most ink, their fellow islanders competing in the two older divisions of Little League have better records. Taiwan has won every World Series it has entered in the Little League's Senior division for 13- to 15-year-olds and in the so-called Big League division for ages 16 through 18. In the Senior tournament now under way at Gary, Ind.



they are favored to win for the fifth time. Taiwan is also even money to take a third straight World Series in Big League competition at Fort Lauderdale this week. Two years ago at Lauderdale the Taiwanese shut out all four opponents, giving up a total of six honest hits and one fluky blooper. Last year they allowed three hits, shutting out three rivals and beating San Antonio 2-1 in the championship game.

Because their records are the sort that

would make even a dry manager like Walter Alton salivate, why are there no Taiwanese on major league rosters, or at least down on the farm somewhere? Well, in the spring of 1975 the Cincinnati Reds did sign Catcher Lee Lai-fa and Pitcher Kao Ying-chieh, who were battery mates in four shutouts at Lauderdale two years ago. The contracts include sweet bonus money, but no one knows when Lee or Kao will see a cent of it. They are now in college but dare not leave because if they do they will lose their student deferment; they are of draft age and have not fulfilled their required two-year military service.

OPEN AND SHUT CASE

Because people tend to get emotional about animals, when a mongrel German shepherd owned by Emily Robbins of Rockland, Maine was brought before District Judge Paul MacDonald on charges of viciousness, he instructed the witnesses, pro and con, to wait in separate rooms. Before they had all left the courtroom, the accused dog, lying peacefully at its mistress' feet in a hall, bit assistant prosecutor Paul Eggert as he passed by. Judge MacDonald straightway ruled out further testimony and ordered that the dog thereafter be leashed.

STENGEL REMEMBERED

The third-place New York Mets are not nearly as bad as they were in the sad, mad years under Casey Stengel. But Casey's ghost seemed to be in the park when the Mets last played the Phillies. New York Manager Joe Frazier walked by the rival dugout and asked Philly Coach Billy DeMars, "Underwood going today? Right?"

As Bruce Keidan of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* recalls the rest of the exchange, Coach DeMars assured Frazier that Underwood was starting for Philly.

"He's a righthander, isn't he?" Frazier asked.

"No, he's left-handed," Demars replied, wondering where Frazier's mind was, because Underwood had faced the Mets just five days earlier.

In Stengel's day, of course, the confusion was worse. Joe Pignatano, once a reserve catcher and now a Met coach, remembers an exchange with Stengel after being traded to the Mets by San Francisco midway in his last active year. In his first week in a Met uniform, the bullpen phone rang and Stengel barked

at him, "Tell Blanchard to come to the dugout."

"Blanchard?" Pignatano replied. "He's with the Yankees. You want me to send across the river for him?"

That made Stengel very mad, and he had little to say to Pignatano thereafter except over the phone to the bullpen. During a subsequent game, culling from the dugout, Stengel said coldly, "Mr. Pignatano, get Nelson up." Pignatano looked around. There was nobody in the bullpen with the first or last name of Nelson. Rather than risk more wrath, Pignatano said, "O.K.," and turning half away from the phone, he shouted, "Nelson!"

Reliever Bob Miller straightway got to his feet and started warming up. Why? Because Miller knew Stengel always called him Nelson. Why did Stengel call him Nelson? Miller had no idea. And probably neither did Stengel.

NIPPED IN THE SUD

Two years after he made half a million by going plank into the Snake River, Evel Knievel has been judged liable to pay Twin Falls, Idaho nearly \$8,000 for the mess he left behind. Meanwhile, a daredevil manqué, Steve McPeak of Las Vegas, has been having a progressively rougher time of it. A year and a half ago he was fined \$10 for trying to do a high-wire act on one of the suspension cables of the Golden Gate bridge. For attempting similar stunts at Hoover Dam and on the Vincent Thomas bridge in San Pedro, Calif., he was fined \$50 twice and then \$130.50.

Last month, on a cable he rigged himself, McPeak rode a unicycle across upper Yosemite Falls. This cost him \$500, 10 days in jail and a three-year probation, during which he is forbidden to perform on high wires or to give interviews about his earlier antics. At the pace he is setting in the courts, it is possible that McPeak may be put away permanently.

THEY SAID IT

● LaVell Edwards, BYU football coach, noting that he had 20 Mormon missionaries on his squad: "If we don't win our first few games, we might start looking for some hell raisers."

● Bob Lemon, at his induction into the Baseball Hall of Fame: "I had my bad days on the field, but I didn't take them home with me. I left them in a bar along the way."

END

SWINGING IN THE RAIN

When the skies over Congressional cleared, Dave Stockton stormed from four shots back to win the PGA Championship on the final hole **by Dan Jenkins**

It was just after 6:30 p.m. last Monday, and the big question around the nation's capital was whether the PGA Championship was going to last longer than the Republican Convention that was starting in Kansas City. Well, you know how they say that nothing works in Washington. After all the lightning, thunder, rain, wind, postponements and double bogeys had turned the PGA at the Congressional Country Club into something more like a comedy than a major championship, Dave Stockton stood in the twilight fretting over a 15-foot putt for a par 4 on the last green.

Stockton does not miss many putts. He is the kind of player of whom his contemporaries say, "Dave shot an 80 but turned in his usual 69." Meaning the putts dropped like sweat beads and that he swiped a good score.

So Stockton swiped the PGA when he crouched over that final putt and rolled it right into the heart of the cup—and also into the hearts of Raymond Floyd and Don January, both waiting for Stockton to miss so the three of them could get on with the first sudden-death playoff in a major championship.

Stockton survived one of the weirdest tournaments of any year, and one of the most bizarre final rounds. Six different men led over the last tortuous 18 holes, including three normally reliable veterans who frittered their chances away with



For Dave, a \$45,000 pot at rainbow's end

atrocious double bogeys just when it seemed they had taken command.

Before Stockton began doing what he does so splendidly, getting it up and down and in from Asia Minor, Charlie Coody, who had started the brisk, sunny day with a two-stroke lead, hit a shot next to a tree and made a double bogey at the 3rd hole. Then Jack Nicklaus, who had taken a one-stroke lead, hit a medium iron into the water and took a double bogey at the 6th hole. Then January, who had gained a two-stroke lead on everybody, hit a long iron shot into the water and took a double bogey at the 10th hole. Floyd and January finally finished at 282, two over par. Nicklaus was at 283, while Dr. Gil Morgan and Tom Kite, who had provided some early excitement,

were at 284 and 286, respectively.

Stockton fired with doom before he got to the 18th hole. Back on the 13th and 14th he hit the ball sideways and made bogeys to blow a two-stroke lead. He was snap-hooking and slicing, but avoided the large catastrophe by sinking all his missable putts, like the eight-footer that saved a bogey at the 14th. Stockton, in fact, used only 53 putts over his last 36 holes.

On the 17th Stockton hit a marvelous bunker shot from under the lip and sank the three-foot putt to save par and his one-shot lead. He drove straight for a change off the 18th tee, but he still had a 235-yard, two-iron shot to the hole that all of Congressional looks down on, a gorgeous par 4 with a green sitting like a barge on water.

Stockton's shot was woefully short of the green, but safe. Then his chip shot, usually one of his strong points, was horrible. It left him all of those agonizing 15 feet to the cup, but he made the putt for an even-par 70 and the 281 that prevented the PGA from lasting forever.

Much of the pretournament talk centered on Johnny Miller, the British Open champ who had called in sick from Cal-

continued

Umbrellas were up, and so were Jack Nicklaus, Charlie Coody (center) and Dr. Gil Morgan until Stockton showered the caps with his long putts





Weiskopf's Waterloo was the winter of the north.

THE PGA continued

iforma after falling off his motorcycle and cutting his right hand, and Tom Weiskopf, whose practice rounds had been dazzling. "I feel bad for Miller, but if you're going to ride a motorcycle, do it in the off-season," said Nicklaus, who makes like a budding Franz Klammer in December. While Weiskopf was hitting the ball splendidly, a few tour insiders wondered about his temperament.

The public and, in fact, many of his fellow pros didn't know it, but Weiskopf recently was slapped with a \$3,000 fine and placed on probation for one year by Tournament Players Division Commissioner Deane Beman for what might be termed conduct unbecoming. It had to do with Weiskopf's withdrawal from the recent Westchester Classic, his fourth too-hasty retreat from a tournament this season. The probation means that Terrible Tom will have to be Wonderful Tom for the next 12 months or face an even sterner penalty from Beman. "I'm trying to change my attitude," Weiskopf said once again.

If any of this was bothering Weiskopf, he did not show it during Thursday's opening round. Playing almost flawless

golf and keeping his volatile temper in check, he rode the good fortune of a hole-out six iron for an eagle 2 at the 6th hole to a blazing five-under-par 65 that put him into the lead. Congressional was not supposed to yield this kind of round in 1976. It was said to be playing longer and stronger than it had in the 1964 U.S. Open, when Tommy Jacobs shot a second-round 64 and Ken Venturi a third-round 66 that launched him toward one of the more moving and dramatic Open victories.

"The key to playing this course is keeping it on the mowed grass," Weiskopf said. "You have to drive it straight. It's very stimulating to shoot 65 on a course like this."

A lot of other people obviously were stimulated on Thursday. Weiskopf's 65 was soon followed by 66s out of the bags of young Kite and Dr. Morgan, who had yet to become a household word among optometrists. And there were 68s by Coody, Jerry McGee and Lee Elder, the local pro who one night arranged for some of his tour friends to have dinner with a local politician named Ford. Apart from Weiskopf, what they all had in common was straightness rather than the length Congressional seemed to be begging for.

"I've been telling people all my life that long golf courses don't necessarily favor long hitters," said Gary Player, who opened with a 70. "People see 7,000 yards, like we have here, and they immediately predict Tom Weiskopf or someone else who hits the ball a mile will win. The fact is, long courses favor the guys with good short games. I've always played my best on long courses—and my short game has been the reason. I can't begin to count all the pars I've saved on long courses with my bunker play."

Player was up to his ankles in adventure all week. Trying to avoid a stampede of autograph seekers one day, he was accidentally pushed into the lake behind the 18th green. "Why didn't you jump in and save me?" Player asked his caddie, Rabbit Dyer. "I can't swim," said Rabbit. Player also shared a rented house, but few of the household chores, with Lee Trevino. "Lee is the perfect host," Player said, "because he loves to wash dishes." Trevino laughed. "Yeah, all Gary does is play golf, sleep and eat my tacos." Trevino, who is trying to play his

game into shape after sitting out most of the summer tournaments, including the U.S. and British Opens, with a bad back, missed the 36-hole cut by a stroke when he shot an 80 on Friday, the day that belonged exclusively to Dr. Morgan.

He got around early with a 68, and by 2 p.m. his 36-hole total of 134—six under par—was a stunning figure for everyone to look at. No one came near it as the heat and humidity increased and the afternoon wore on. Weiskopf encountered trouble on the front nine, hitting into the water at the 6th hole, and struggled to a 74, but at least he didn't pick up his ball and go home. Looking at the leader boards scattered around Congressional's hills, it seemed as though Morgan was playing his own golf tournament. After 36 holes his nearest pursuer was Kite, who was four strokes back, while Player, Weiskopf and January were five shots behind and both Coody and Nicklaus a distant six shots away.

So just who was this Dr. Gil Morgan? "He's a good player, although I must say I've never played with him," said Nicklaus. To most of America, with a name like Dr. Gil Morgan he might have

Kite sailed to a 68 when the shots were clear.



been the star of a daytime soap opera. He was not all that unfamiliar a fellow on the tour, however. He had been out there almost three years and had graduated from the rabbits with an \$8,875 finish at the San Antonio-Texas Open last October, thus finishing 60th on the money list with \$42,772 and gaining the last qualifying exemption for this year. He had finished tied for second at Memphis and he had been in the top 10 three other times—at Los Angeles, in the Western Open and at Houston. Just another friendly 27-year-old with hair over his ears, a white visor, a wife named Jeanne, a cat named Claude and an Oklahoma hometown named Wewoka. Not the sort who goes around leading major championships, much less winning them.

As for the optometry business, Morgan is indeed licensed to practice in Oklahoma and Florida, but he never has. Thus, he is about as much a Dr. on the tour as Dr. Cary Middlecoff, who did more sand blasting than root canals.

Morgan was primarily where he was because he had not missed a putt in two days. But when Morgan went out Saturday under the full flood of the spot-

light, he tapped one of his first putts 10 feet past the hole, hit another one six feet short and was rapidly on the way to a 75, which made it a PGA anybody could win—if anybody ever finished it.

The problem was the thunderstorms that swooped in so suddenly and caused more weather delays in a major championship than anyone could recall. Arnold Palmer, still seeking his first PGA title, the only major championship that has eluded him, had already recorded a fine two-under 68, his best PGA score in 10 years, when the first one howled in around five o'clock. All the leaders were still trying to complete their third rounds. Nicklaus thought he saw lightning before anyone else and started for the clubhouse as the sky turned darker and darker. However, a PGA official ordered him to keep playing. "I didn't really see lightning," Nicklaus admitted, "but I heard a lot of thunder—and they can generally be found in the same places."

Everyone saw lightning and wind and rain a few moments later, and play was suspended until early Sunday morning. Morgan, who was three under par and leading Coody by one shot, David Graham by two and Nicklaus by three, marked a risky three-foot putt for his par at the 12th hole and lit out for a roof. Once again he had to think about his lead overnight. And that tricky little putt.

At 7:30 a.m. Sunday the 24 players who had not finished their third rounds were back out at Congressional. Morgan made his three-foot putt after about a 15-hour wait, then said, "I slept on that knee-knocker all night long." But there were others he did not sleep on. He bogeyed the 17th and the 18th after poor drives, and by breakfast time, just when the final round was about to start, he had lost the PGA lead. It had fallen into the hands of Coody, who hadn't won a U.S. tournament since the 1971 Masters.

Coody had gone to the course, played five holes with Nicklaus and returned to his motel by 9:30 a.m. Coody and Nicklaus completed those holes in one under par, each birdieing the 18th, which is one of golf's more scenic points of interest when there isn't a mild tornado brewing. Through 54 holes, then, Coody was the leader, with Nicklaus joining Morgan only two strokes behind and nine other players, including former PGA champions Player, Raymond Floyd and Dave Stockton, within five shots.



Player took a bath after putting out at the 18th

Coody's finishing birdie had given him a 67, the lowest score in the third round, while Nicklaus had put back-to-back 69s onto his opening 71 and looked very much in a mood to win.

The serious contenders played only three holes Sunday before the second storm roared in. When the sky opened up once more and lightning began dancing all around Maryland, Coody had parred three holes and held a one-stroke lead over Nicklaus, who had made a birdie.

None of this mattered because the whole round was washed out, and they all had to start over on Monday, a day usually reserved for playoffs and traveling. But the real question was: By then, did anyone care? There had been two days of golfers turning their emotions on and off like Congressional's lightning detector. They had played part rounds that counted and part rounds that did not. They had developed the art of spraining to safety in mid-swing. They had seen their rhythms and routines disrupted, even shattered.

And after all of this, the winner would probably be remembered only as the Champion of the Postponed Golfers Association of America.

January was not bothered by August showers





TRUE GRIT WAS BEHIND THE WHIP

Fighting off aches and pains from a spill in an earlier race, Joe O'Brien did things his own way as he drove Armbr Ranger to victory over the favored Stanley Dancer and Keystone Dre in the prestigious \$124,141 Adios pace **by Barry McDermott**

Thirty minutes before post time last Saturday, Joe O'Brien was limping around the paddock area at The Meadows racetrack in Meadowlands, Pa. He was silent and grim, clenching his teeth against pain that pills barely dulled. The final heat of the \$124,141 Adios Stake was coming up, and O'Brien was determined to be in the sulky behind his 3-year-old pacer Armbr Ranger for the decisive mile.

O'Brien is true grit. In a run-of-the-mill race earlier in the day, he took a bad spill when a horse clipped his sulky from behind. No blood was shed, but his innards and muscles were in knots. His condition became more painful as he suffered through the wait for the start of the Adios, the first leg of pacer's Big Four. O'Brien leaned against a barn, grimacing and occasionally stretching his leg. He rubbed his hand over his groin and buttocks. "It hurts all up in here," he said.

O'Brien is 59 years old and has been racing for 45 years. Brilliantly. He is at times somewhat reclusive, given to brief

answers. Shunned and ostracized by many drivers when he came to this country from Canada early in his career, O'Brien quickly earned their respect for his professionalism. Diminutive and tenacious, he is independent, his own man, with demanding standards.

It had been a rough week for O'Brien. On Thursday night, right in front of the grandstand, he was dumped to the ground, fortunately uninjured, when his entry reared during the post parade and went off on a mad, driverless tear around the racetrack as the crowd laughed. Moreover, some fans were questioning O'Brien's refusal to use the new modified sulky that has hearts pumping a little faster this season. He also was being grilled about the sudden swoon of Armbr Ranger, the 1975 2-year-old Pacer of the Year. Inexplicably, the colt had lost five straight races since July 5.

"I don't think anything's wrong with Ranger. I just think the others are racing better right now," O'Brien said matter-of-factly the day before the Adios as he stared down at his luncheon plate of mac-

aronis and cheese in a motel coffee shop. "I'm not worried," interjected J. Elgin Armstrong, Armbr Ranger's owner. "He's going to win a lot of money for me."

Then Armstrong tried to give a lift to O'Brien's spirits with a bit of repartee, but the driver remained somber. Armbr Ranger developed an abscessed hoof recently, and rather than tune him up with a race last week, O'Brien rested the colt at Del Miller's nearby Meadowlands Farm. Armbr Ranger stayed in the same paddock used by Miller's wondrous stallion, Adios, before his death in 1965. Even though Ranger looked fit on Miller's farm, O'Brien was unsure of his condition. "It'll probably rain because I have the rain," he said glumly.

The Adios was split into two divisions, with the first five finishers from each qualifying for the final. Adding to O'Brien's moodiness was the news that the morning-line oddsmaker had made Richmond the favorite in the first division, because O'Brien was not using the modified sulky. This season there already



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN D. HANLON

Saturday came with the threat of rain safely offstage and with Armbro Ranger on sure footing. Ollie Mumford, the trainer of Richmond, was not so certain of his morning-line favorite. "Richmond has a tendency to be lazy sometimes," he muttered.

When it was race time for the first division, O'Brien had to be helped onto the sulky. He found sitting less painful than standing, and on this note of relative cheer he drove Armbro Ranger at a furious pace. O'Brien beat back an early challenge by Beutron Hanover and a late one by Richmond, who finished second. The time of the opening-heat victory was a track-record 1:56½. "That's a lot more than I thought they'd go," said Dancer. The record was all the more startling because Armbro Ranger threw two shoes during the race.

In the second division, Billy Haughton's Windshield Wiper was rated as Keystone Ore's biggest threat, but students of the occult were intrigued with Warm Breeze, off at 24 to 1. The horse was afflicted with an ailment known as "the wobbles" and did not race in 1975, but his owner sent a picture of the animal to a "psychic." Ed Snedeker of Nausgattuck, Conn., who instructed trainer-driver Dick Farrington to rub a secret substance under the horse's mane. The substance turned out to be castor oil, but after its initial application last spring, Warm Breeze had no further trouble getting to the starting gate. Indeed Warm Breeze even managed to win five of 14 starts. "I don't know if it helped or not, but it didn't hurt," said Farrington, who planned to find out early Saturday if the stars were in the right configuration. "I'm afraid of that rail horse, Keystone Ore," he said. "If I don't get on top right away, I'm in trouble. Quick."

Stanley Dancer was not about to let that happen. However, he allowed George Sholty to take Raven Hanover to the lead at the half-mile pole, then dropped in behind him with Windshield Wiper third. Down the backstretch, Keystone Ore made his move and no one could stop him as Dancer rolled to a 2½-length victory in a world-record 1:56 for a ½-mile track. Warm Breeze was an unlucky sixth while Windshield Wiper finished fourth.

Dancer was relieved. Keystone's stock was back on the rise. "No matter what happens in the final," he said, "he proved that he is a great horse."

In the draw for post positions in the final, Armbro Ranger won the rail and Keystone Ore, the betting favorite, was slotted just outside of him. Dancer's strategy was to try to rush to the top early, but O'Brien parked him outside. Dancer dropped in behind him at the quarter pole. They raced that way for the next half mile, then Dancer swung wide for the final dash. Briefly, with a sixteenth of a mile to go, Keystone Ore edged in front, but Armbro Ranger came on again to win by a head. His time was another amazing 1:56, tying the hour-old world record. Richmond finished third and Del Miller, catch driving Beutron Hanover, was fourth.

After Armbro Ranger and Keystone Ore crossed the wire, O'Brien shouted over to Dancer. "The luck of the draw beat you. They're both great colts."

Afterward, O'Brien said, "Ranger was probably as good today as he ever was, or ever will be." He added that his pains probably would be hurting much more if he had lost. He walked slowly, and the eyes of the other horsemen followed him as they murmured congratulations. O'Brien had won, but, more important, he had won doing it his way. Having done so, he did it their way—driving to Columbus, Ohio, aches and all, for races at Scioto Downs. With one of those new-fangled sulks.

END

Holding the rail, O'Brien and Armbro Ranger withstand Dancer's bid and tie a world record

have been more sub-two-minute races than all last year. "You have to go with the statistics," said Stanley Dancer, one of the drivers who has taken to using the new rig.

Dancer was in the No. 1 post position and the favorite in the second division with his colt, Keystone Ore. The last time out, Keystone had lost when a piece of equipment snapped, but before that he had won seven straight, all under two minutes. To prep him for the Adios, Dancer put Keystone through four rigorous trips in a training session the previous Saturday, the final two in 1:58½ and 1:57½. Dancer admitted this was a bit radical, but, as he explained, "I wanted to make sure he's good and tight."

Dancer's mind operates like a bookkeeper's. He knows that checkbooks open and close to reputations built in such prestigious races as the Adios. This now-classic race began in 1967 in honor of Del Miller's superear. "People ask what Adios meant to me," said Miller as he drove by the horse's grave the day before the race. "With him I went from reading a minus bank balance to reading the Wall Street Journal." Miller, however, has never won the Adios. His best finish was a close second in 1974 driving Tarpor Low.

The day came up smelling of roses for O'Brien



A FEAT OF OLYMPIAN PROPORTIONS

Barred from Montreal, South African Jonty Skinner held his own "Games" in the AAU swim meet and became the Fastest Man Afloat by Jerry Kirshenbaum

After winning the 100-meter freestyle in Philadelphia's sun-drenched John B. Kelly Pool, Jonty Skinner, a South African who swims during the college season for the University of Alabama, took one look at the overhead clock, saw the numbers 49.44, leaped into the air and joyously embraced his rivals. Then the 6' 5" Skinner slumped, sobbing, against the edge of the pool. A moment later he climbed out of the water and put his arms around Alabama Coach Don Gambrell. "Oh, Coach," he said in a choked voice, "Coach, I did it."

The cause of Skinner's tearful jubilation at the AAU outdoor championships was a world record made doubly gratifying by the fact that he had been deprived of an opportunity to do the same at the Montreal Olympics. Because of its apartheid policy, Skinner's homeland is banned from Olympic competition, and last winter he had sought Congressional

assistance in hope of becoming an American citizen in time to try out for the U.S. team (SI, March 29). But a bill providing for hurry-up citizenship was rejected by a House subcommittee, forcing Skinner to watch on TV as Indiana University's Jim Montgomery won the 100 freestyle at the Games in 49.99— $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second faster than Montgomery's old world record. U.S. men won 12 of 13 events in Montreal, but Doc Counsilman, the Indiana and Olympic men's coach, singled out Montgomery's breaking of the 50-second barrier as "an historic achievement."

In rewriting history so soon, Skinner created an ironic situation: his record means that in the most stunning year in Olympic swimming history, a non-Olympian now holds the title of Fastest Man Afloat. Leading all the way in Philadelphia, he pared half a second off Montgomery's three-week-old record and $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds off his personal best. Montgom-

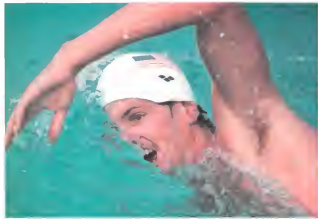
ery had elected to pass up the AAU meet, but the cheering crowd of 4,000 at the Kelly Pool obviously agreed with Skinner that his absence was not crucial. Once the emotions of the moment subsided a bit, Skinner said, "Since I couldn't swim against Jim, my opponent had to be the clock."

Skinner's remarkable performance, which occurred during the final session of the four-day competition, came just as it appeared that the 1976 AAU would become the first major meet in memory that failed to produce a world record. The consensus was that the pool in Philly was slow, and there also was talk about a letdown after Montreal, where world records were set or equaled in 22 of 26 events. In fact, except for Skinner's swim, the times in Philadelphia were so plodding that it seemed almost sacrilegious that the scoreboard clock was one of those used in Montreal. At least the clock seemed to think so, until it was rewired on the meet's third day; it refused to function properly.

Even with the poky times, the AAU did provide a chance for the 28 U.S. Olympians on hand—23 others skipped the meet—to treat themselves to a curtain call or two. Predictably, the one obliged to take the most bows was John Naber, winner of four golds and a silver in Montreal. Naber arrived in Philadelphia with the avowed intention of "promoting swimming," and it was toward this worthy end that the 6' 6" USC star endlessly talked up the sport during TV appearances and signed so many autographs at poolside that his felt-tip pen went dry on the second day of the meet.

Naber said, too, that he was competing in the AAU meet, in which team standings are kept, out of loyalty to the Ladera Oaks (Calif.) Aquatic Club. He also said he was there "because I want to get the Grand Slam." "The Grand Slam?" "Sure," replied Naber, flashing his famous grin. "That's when you win the same event in the AAU indoors, the AAU outdoors, the NCAA's Olympic Trials and Olympics in the same year."

This was about the first that anyone had heard of the Grand Slam, but then, it was also the first time that Naber was promoting the sport. Setting for a second in the 200 freestyle and a fifth in the 100 won by Skinner. Naber scored easy victories in the 100 and 200 backstrokes, completing a sweep of both events in the requisite meets. His 56.48 in the 100 and



Skinner set a world record in the 100 freestyle (49.44) and broke the 50-second barrier twice in a day

2:03.73 in the 200 were off the world records of 55.49 and 1:59.19 he set at Montreal, but this mattered little to those who were now saying, "Hey, isn't that something about Naber getting two Grand Slams?"

Besides swelling Naber's hoard of championships, the meet produced some new stars, most of whom represented the swim club of Mission Viejo, a planned community of 35,000 south of Los Angeles. Mission Viejo attracts promising young swimmers from around the U.S., much as the Juillard School does budding musicians, but until last week it was known mainly as the home club of Shirley Babushoff and Brian Goodell. Other Mission Viejo swimmers finally got their names in the headlines at Philadelphia because Babushoff, disappointed by her failure to win an individual gold medal in Montreal, has decided to stay out of competition until she enrolls at UCLA this fall. And though Goodell, the Olympic champion in the 400 and 1,500 freestyle events, was at the AAU, he admitted to a case of post-Olympic blues.

Those taking up the slack for Mission Viejo as it swept the three team titles—men's, women's and combined—included a couple of fast-improving 14-year-olds, Alice Browne and Dawn Rodighiero, who have just the kind of fresh talent the U.S. will need if it hopes to overtake the powerful East German women swimmers. Browne took the 200 butterfly in Philly with a clocking of 2:15.57, while Rodighiero won both breaststrokes, the 100 in 1:14.64 and the 200 in 2:39.4.

While Browne and Rodighiero were making up for the absence of Babushoff, Goodell was being rudely treated by Mission Viejo teammates Casey Converse and Jesse Vassallo. Converse, who will be a freshman at Alabama this fall, was one of the few disappointed among the U.S. men at Montreal. He failed to make the finals in the 400 freestyle won by Goodell in a world-record 3:51.93. "I want to prove I'm a swimmer," Converse said as the AAU championships began, and he did just that by outacing Goodell to win the 400 in 3:54.65, which would have been good enough for the bronze medal at the Olympics. He also whipped the obviously tired Goodell in the 1,500.

Even more gratifying was the performance of the 5'6" Vassallo, who weighs 126 pounds and celebrated his 15th birthday two days before the AAU meet. Vassallo hails from Puerto Rico, but his fam-



While winning two Grand Slams, Big John pursued the good Naber policy so ardently his pen dried up

ily moved to Mission Viejo last year in hope that he and his four brothers might improve as swimmers. Despite his tender years, Vassallo emerged last week as a national champ by winning the 400 individual medley in 4:28.34, a time that would have broken the world record four months ago. Goodell finished second. Vassallo also swam well in three other events (the 400 and 1,500 freestyles and 200 backstroke), prompting Mark Schubert, the 27-year-old coach who has masterminded Mission Viejo's emergence as the nation's No. 1 club, to predict superstardom for him.

"A lot of swimming prodigies do well mainly because they're big for their ages," says Schubert, "but that's obviously not the case with Jesse." Indeed, as Vassallo took his victory march around the pool, he was escorted by a willowy young woman who had to lean down to hear his confidences.

This was a problem that the towering Skinner, who stands nearly a foot taller than Vassallo, did not have to face during his triumphant tour of the pool deck. A resident of Cape Town who was recruited by Alabama's Gambrell two years ago, Skinner won the 1975 NCAA 100-yard freestyle championship in an American-record 43.92. A well-spoken, lively sort who prudently claims up on politics—U.S. or South African—Skinner quickly endeared himself to Crimson Tide boosters, who were largely responsible for the "Let Jonty Swim" campaign for immediate citizenship. The rebuff in Congress did not surprise Skinner, who shrugs and

says, "I figured it was worth a try."

Deciding to make the AAU outdoor championships his personal Olympics, Skinner moved for the summer to Long Branch, N.J., where he worked out with the Central Jersey Aquatic Club. "I ate good food, went to bed early and stayed away from parties," he says. "I didn't even have wine with my dinner."

The payoff on that regimen exceeded Skinner's most optimistic expectations. Getting a lightning start in the 100 freestyle, he had put clear water between himself and his seven rivals by the 50-meter turn. "At that point, I just kept telling myself, 'This is your only chance—don't blow it.'" Skinner said after the race. "I gritted my teeth and headed for the wall." He finished nearly two body lengths ahead of David McCagg, who this fall will be a freshman at intrastate rival Auburn. Third place went to another Auburn man, senior Gary Schatz.

Skinner showed his record was no fluke when he blazed to a second sub-50 clocking barely an hour later. His 49.81 lead-off leg powered Central Jersey Aquatic to victory in the 400 freestyle relay. Inevitably, his performances raised the question of how he might have fared against Montgomery in Montreal. To his credit, Skinner refrained from claiming that he would have won the gold medal. "The Olympics were one day and this was another," he said. But the Fastest Man Afloat could not resist one sly thought, prompted by a television camera standing nearby. "I hope Jim was watching me on TV today," he said. **END**

A THREE-HOUR TIME DIFFERENCE

This is what John McKay—coach of the NFL's new Tampa Bay team after 16 years of wine and Rose Bowls at USC—says when asked to compare pro football to the college game. Witty, this McKay, and already a winner **by John Underwood**

On a busy freeway en route to an exhibition game with Green Bay, the Tampa Bay Buccaneers were spared what seemed to be imminent calamity when their bus driver kept his cool while a careening car came within inches of striking the bus. The driver did not bat an eye. Minutes later, confronted by a shouting, gesticulating policeman outside Milwaukee's County Stadium, the driver listened stoically for a moment, then drove right past the policeman and through the forbidden entranceway. As the bus pulled up to the appointed door, the Buccaneers whistled and applauded, and John McKay, their coach, rolled his Hav-A-Tampa cigar to the corner of his mouth and said, "I now know the difference be-

tween pro football and college football. Tougher bus drivers."

As McKay expected, "What's the difference?" has been the most nagging question people have fired at him since he left USC for the pros at the end of last season. Sometimes he answers it the way he answered questions when he was just a simple college coach winning all those national championships—whimsically.

Q: How do you compare coaching at Tampa Bay with coaching at USC, John?

A: It's a three-hour time difference.

But now, though, he also tends to reply occasionally with failing good humor. In Milwaukee after Tampa's second game and Green Bay's 928th—a statistic point-

ed out rather gleefully, it seemed, on the scoreboard beforehand, but no small embarrassment to the Packers after they beat the Buccaneers only 10-6—a radio interviewer stuck the nozzle of his recorder into McKay's composed locker room expression and demanded, "What will it take to establish yourself as a professional coach, Mr. McKay?"

McKay resisted, he admitted later, the elemental urge to bite the microphone in half. Smiling thinly, he replied, "I'm not trying to establish myself as a pro coach. I would rather the pro coaches go out and establish themselves as college coaches."

"What will it take to win in the pros?" the questioner persisted.

"The same thing it takes to win in the

Steve Spurrier, here shown against Green Bay, is not the running quarterback McKay had in mind, but he starred in the Buccaneer triumph over Atlanta



colleges, the high schools and the Pop Warner leagues. Good players. Good coaching."

Last Saturday night McKay's Buccaneers apparently had the right combination of both as they stunned the Atlanta Falcons 17-3 for their first victory. "I thought we could play with teams of Atlanta's caliber," McKay said. "Oh, well, another dynasty."

At other times, in other places, to other inquisitors, McKay has made the following allusions to his situation:

- "They say you can't win with an expansion team. Who is they? Nobody knows. They say you can't win more than three games your first year. I say you can. I'm a pro coach now, people will have to believe me. I think in three years we can be challengers. Mr. Hugh Culverhouse [the Tampa owner] told me the only thing he expected was to beat the time it took the Steelers to win their first championship. The Steelers did it in 41 years. We will beat that record."

- "I don't know what this pro football mystique is. I've gone to the pro camps. They throw the ball, they catch the ball. Many of them are ex-USC players. I'm not amused at what they do."

- "I've watched the pros play. They run traps, they pitch the ball, they sweep. What else is there? One of the big plays in pro football is the off-tackle play to the split-end side. Everybody runs it. Pittsburgh runs it. They run it against us in the 1975 College All-Star game. I said, 'I'll be damned, they're running Franco Harris off tackle.' If I had Franco Harris, I'd do the same. That same play was in everybody's playbook 25 years ago."

- "Lou Saban coached in the pros, then figured he'd retire to a college job and coast. At Maryland, he went 4-6. After that, he went back to the pros."

- "They say, 'You can't do this or that in the pros.' Why not? Well, you just can't. They used to say you couldn't play a zone pass defense. Now everybody plays a zone. We were playing zone at Oregon in 1950. Don Shula put in the so-called 53 defense at Miami—a very smart move. Well, Miami's 53 was the old Oklahoma defense."

Despite the tiresome comparisons to his previous employment, McKay obviously is enjoying himself. "Super owner,"



Coach McKay has had more trouble than former San Francisco 49er Spurrier with Tampa's playbook

he says. "Fine organization. A great way to go into your 50s." The professional accessories alone are enough to make McKay, 53, feel like the newly minted millionaire he is supposed to be (his reported contract terms: 5 years, \$2 million). His new home on Tampa Bay is only a three-bedroom, as compared to the six-bedroom he had in suburban Los Angeles, but he has to admit that the previous owner knew how to put a roof over a head. Gold-leaf bathroom spigots, for example. The bay waters glisten through the sliding glass doors. There is a boat dock, and also a sun deck where a fellow could lie around and watch the water-skiers glide by. Sometimes the skier is Richie McKay, 17, the last of the four McKay children home on a regular shift, who, by his own admission, is a future great quarterback.

McKay jokes that his wife Corky is having a hard time keeping her wits quiet around Culverhouse, because every time she expresses a need for something,

it winds up at the front door. McKay says, however, that the IRS will be surprised when they audit him one day and find out how little he is really making—scarcely more than the \$52,000 a year he got at USC. He has no stock in the club, but there are some "deferred payments" that will help later on.

The amenities aside, a lot of things McKay was warned would happen to him in the pros have not happened—yet. For example, he has not found the attitude of the "old pros" unbearable.

"It's the same anywhere. There's always a few who won't play as well as you think they should, or work as hard. We're going to treat them all like men. Some people will take advantage of this, being children. They will find I can be as mean as the next guy. We had some guys show up late for camp. When you're making \$60,000 a year, I suppose you shouldn't have to come in too early."

"You don't need experience to get in shape. You don't have to play together 40

continued

James A. Michener:

**"A man who drops out of recreation
after an active youth
is committing slow suicide."**



James A. Michener is perhaps the most gifted and prolific storyteller since Scheherazade. Among those he's told: *Tales of the South Pacific*, *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*, *Sayonara*, *Hawaii*, *The Source*, *Irena*, *Cemetary*. He works very hard, very long, every day. His latest book, a nonfiction analysis of our sporting life, is titled "Sports in America."

Q. Strong words. What do you mean?

A. I've reviewed every fact I could find on the subject. The statistics are clear: A man who becomes sedentary after a normally vigorous youth is shortening his life by about 18 months.

Q. But as a kid, almost everyone plays baseball, football, or basketball.

A. And they're fine for kids. But our high schools and colleges are shortchanging us in not teaching us other sports we can play as adults.

Q. And as a result, we play nothing?

A. Too often. We sit around watching younger people play our games. We drop out of body conditioning in the critical years. Career pressures, stress, tension dominate our lives and absorb our interests.

Q. Is it the same with women?

A. It doesn't seem to be. Not up until menopause, anyway. But

afterward, they tend toward the male pattern.

Q. What do you recommend?

A. With your doctor's advice, easing back into recreation. It's difficult, but it's vital. For example, authorities I respect agree that even jogging can be a big help.

Q. Do you jog?

A. No, it bores me. I play tennis. Winter and summer. Even at 20° with the snow bulldozed off the court. I need the competition, the spiritual contest, the game structure.

Q. What's the prognosis for a regenerated dropout?

A. Excellent. The body can come back awfully quickly with relatively little consequence. But the longer you wait, the more you lose.

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years to be enthusiastic, to be aggressive. Against the Rams in our first game, which we lost 26-3, we were neither. We will be from now on. The shortcomings of an expansion team are not knowing what the guy next to you will do, and not knowing if you have enough quality players to make the difference. But that's a coaching job. I tell our players, 'Don't rate the team. Just do your job.' I heard several comments before the Rams game that made me think some players were rating the team. They didn't think we could win. Our job is to convince them of our ability so that they can function positively as a whole. I don't care how good you are, if you don't think the coach is right, you don't have a chance."

McKay included four pro coaches—old friends Abe Giron and Jerry Frei, plus Linebacker Coach Dick Voris and the respected quarterback-maker John Rauch—on his staff to help give him the edge in the numbers game (playing with a 43-man roster instead of 95) and with terminology. Because of the crisscross trafficking of personnel from one pro team to another, he says, you have to be reasonably homogeneous with your play-calling. So McKay adopted the terminology Rauch used as a head coach at Oakland and Buffalo. Then, to his own chagrin, McKay called three plays against

the Rams that weren't in the Tampa book. "Fortunately, the quarterback [Steve Spurrier] was smarter than I was," McKay says. "He adjusted. You need that on the field."

McKay says that filling the Tampa roster was not that different, except he enjoyed the luxury of not having to recruit. He leaned heavily on instinct, and getting players he knew something about or who had played for him. One is his son Johnny, a wide receiver and, off a strong early showing, almost a sure bet to make the team. The younger McKay, a year out of USC and with a half season of WFL experience, had originally contracted to coach at Oregon State this year, but he made a last-minute switch and reported to Tampa Bay. "He said he loved Oregon but hated recruiting," McKay says with a laugh. "Well, hell. Welcome to college football."

McKay thinks that he selected well in both the college and expansion drafts. He told Tom McEwen, the Tampa Tribune columnist, he thought it was a copout to say you cannot win with rookies and expansion draftees. "That's an excuse for losing," he says. "If you win, you get credit for performing a miracle. But how can you say you drafted a bad player, then ask him to go out there and kill somebody? You're lying. I don't lie."

The frustration, he suspects, will come later, "when we cut down and then look back and say, 'We should've kept the other guy.' Look at what Don Shula has done with players other teams let go on waivers—Bob Kuechenberg and Jim Langer, both All-Pro's."

McKay does not know the salaries of his players, and he does not plan to find out. "They wanted me to get into that, but I said I might as well stay at USC if I have to keep worrying about contracts. Vince Lombardi came into the league years ago and said, 'I'm in charge of everything, including salaries.' Some guys now think that's the only way. I don't. I'll know how much they're worth to the team, and when the time comes I'll say, 'All right, we need this guy.' I don't have to know his salary for that."

Cutting players has not been as odious as predicted, either. To begin with, the Tampa training complex is so close to the airport that on a day when McKay cut 10 players at 11 a.m., they were all out of town by 2:30. "One guy said he was already a millionaire. He should've been glad I cut him. Another guy was making a fortune raising Spanish goats. He asked me if I wanted some of the action. Some guys cut themselves with their attitude. We had a punter who said he 'lost his desire.' How can you lose your desire to punt and eat steaks? If you've lost your desire for that, you've really lost it. Some guys act relieved when you cut them. It's not that different from telling a college player he won't be playing much. It's not a terrible fate. I tell them a lot of great people never played pro football. George Washington never played pro football."

"But those who stick will know one thing: they will play the game the way we want it played. I don't care how a guy did it in high school; when he came to USC, he did it the USC way. Now he will do it the Tampa Buccaneer way."

McKay's first exhibition season—colleges don't play nonsense games—has been more of an eye-opener for him than for his fans. While he found the Los Angeles game "unacceptable," he found the aftermath even more so. "Everybody agrees it's the preseason when you try to find out who can play here," he says. "Preseason games count only for that reason. So we lose, playing more rookies than the Rams did, and the headline says, 'Bucs Big Bust in NFL Debut.' I suppose the ideal thing would be to play everybody and still win."

continued

Son Johnny, a receiver at USC and in the WFL, abandoned college coaching for a Tampa tryout

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Nonetheless, McKay continued his experiments on schedule against Green Bay. Wanting to test his running game ("The first thing you have to do in football is get A to block B. If he doesn't, you lose"), he ordered only 14 passes against a Packer defense that seldom rested its best players. Still, Tampa Bay assembled the longest drive of the game, a 71-yard third-quarter march for its first-ever touchdown.

This followed what Richie McKay calls "the most fired-up halftime talk" he ever heard his old man deliver. McKay told the Bucs, "I guarantee you the Packers are no better than you are. You can beat this team. But you've got to block somebody. That's the worst blocking on kickoffs I've ever seen. Eleven men left standing. If you can't do better than that, I'll give you one guy's number, and you can all go down and block him."

Before the victory over the Falcons, McKay assured a listener that what he had remembered seeing at USC was what he was going to eventually see at Tampa.

"I'm not going to change," he said. "I think you'll find we'll run and pass more from the I formation than other teams will. We'll have our flea-flicker, our pitch play. We'll overshift, come back to the weak side, let the wingback run the ball some. There's no rule against having three backs run the ball instead of two. I think you'll find our quarterbacks will roll out more. Throw more sprint-out passes, maybe run 10 or 15% of the time. We didn't use the option play that much at USC, and I don't see the need of it here except as a surprise element. Option plays get the quarterback tackled. In college, you have more quarterbacks to play with."

"But I'll be damned if a running back can't carry the ball more. Jimmy Brown complained about running so much in Cleveland, and all it did was make him a million dollars. O. J. Simpson wasn't warmed up until he'd carried 15 times, even at USC. We ran our tailbacks 35 times a game at USC and alternated the fullbacks. The fullbacks block and take the greater beating. I don't think it'd be asking too much to have our tailback carry 25 or 26 times a game."

Before the drafts, McKay had said an expansion team "better have a quarterback who can scramble," because there were no guarantees in the painstaking process of developing an offensive line. In Spurrier, the 1966 Heisman Trophy

winner from the University of Florida, who played spectator for the San Francisco 49ers during five of his nine pro seasons, he does not have a scrambling quarterback. Far from it. And subsequent attempts to deal for others who might qualify—notably his 1974 starting USC quarterback, Pat Haden, now with the Rams, and, most recently, Terry Hanratty, whom the Steelers put on waivers but then withdrew—have come up dry.

He has, nonetheless, given the job to Spurrier, an immense favorite in the state. "I saw him pass for 320 yards with the 49ers one day on TV," McKay says. "If I didn't think he could do it, I wouldn't have hired him. I do think he's the type who loses interest when he sits on the bench. I told Spurrier he wouldn't be on the bench. I think we have him interested." Spurrier surprised McKay with his effective scrambling in the win over Atlanta. Facing a strong rush, Spurrier dodged potential sackers with some stumbling sprints as he completed 11 of 19 passes for 147 yards, and also ran in for a touchdown.

McKay also drafted a number of big college offensive linemen after making Defensive End Leroy Selmon of Oklahoma his No. 1 pick. In the expansion draft, he picked up a number of good receivers, including son Johnny, Bob Moore from Oakland and Barry Smith from Green Bay. Moreover, McKay's college draft may have produced the sleeper of 1976. Quarterback Parnell (Paydirt) Dickinson of Mississippi Valley State, a seventh-round selection who has excited the Bucs with his demagogic and live arm.

Spurrier has found McKay a kindred spirit. "Most NFL coaches say, 'If you don't let them score, you won't get beat,'" Spurrier says. "That's defensive Coach McKay says, 'If we have the ball, they can't score.' That's offensive. I like that." Wide Receiver Lee McGriff, a former Cowboy prospect, says there is "a totally different atmosphere" at the Tampa camp. "I hadn't even smiled once by this time in Dallas," he says. "With Coach McKay, we're having fun."

It is not likely that everyone who crosses McKay's bow will find him fun, of course. That intense, enormous wit that charms can also char, and when McKay is waspish, as is his tendency at times, he can raise welts. His staffs have always had what an assistant once characterized as "a healthy, affectionate fear"

of McKay, and though he consistently delights the press with his one-liners, he is wary of those who send back bad vibrations. When asked by one Tampa-area writer how long his contract called for, McKay replied, "Probably longer than yours."

It is true, too, that McKay's departure caused some bitterness at USC and probably resulted in his recommendations for a successor being ignored. "You can't blame the USC people," says one prominent alumnus. "All John did was give them four national championships, eight Rose Bowl games, two Heisman Trophy winners and so much money in the bank they have trouble hiding it."

McKay says he did not take the Tampa job for the money, that it was the change he wanted, coming as it did when his children were mostly grown, his fields mostly conquered. But privately he admits to a growing dissatisfaction at USC. The perpetual shenanigans of the NCAA, its incessant messing around with college football, distresses him. And despite his legions of "Hollywood friends," he never got the kind of financial help he needed to make sure his later ride in life would be comfortable. The idea of finishing his career as an athletic director bored him, and his tries at the stock market "made a couple of stockbrokers rich while I lost my shirt."

"Bear Bryant can charm people," McKay said one day in his office after practice. "He doesn't have to coach as much anymore. That's great for him. I could never do it. To make enough to live the way Corky deserves to live after all these years putting up with me, I had to be on the road all the time—recruiting, making clinics, speaking at banquets. We wound up every year with two weeks in July to call our own."

McKay said Bryant popped in to see him recently and joined him at practice. "Bear said the Bucs looked like a college team practicing. I took it as a compliment." His secretary interrupted to tell him that Hank Stram of the Saints was on the line. McKay picked up the phone, but it was Stram's secretary, waiting to make the connection before putting her boss on. When Stram finally came on the line, McKay leaned back in his chair and said with exaggerated pique: "What is this, one of those I-won't-get-on-till-you-do calls? Listen, Henry, I'm a pro coach now. You don't keep pro coaches waiting. We are very busy people." **END**

The lawmakers did not spell out precisely what they meant, but there was no question about the amount of money they had in mind. The bill that recently passed Congress says that \$20 million will be spent to convert abandoned railroad rights-of-way to "recreational and conservational uses." Until something more specific comes along, it seems natural that hikers and cyclists will be the principal beneficiaries of all that loot. In fact, for the followers of those sports, this new legislation makes inspiring reading.

The measure in question—buried deep in the 117 pages of fine print that make up the Railroad Revitalization Act—is Section 809. The \$20 million is a small chunk of the \$6.4 billion allocated to reorganizing those parts of the U.S. railway system still in use. Section 809 provides for an inventory (to be completed by next February) of all the abandoned lines and the country they pass through. The study will evaluate recreational uses, in operation or proposed, of the abandoned rights-of-way. Then will come the federal grants to states and localities to plan and pay for the conversions, some of which already have been undertaken by counties, utility companies and private individuals. Section 809 offers provisions for linking old railroad lines to the existing National Trails System, and for using abandoned rights-of-way as wildlife refuges, even perhaps as national parks.

A law like that can inflame the imagination. Railroads have been regarded with both affection and exasperation in American folklore. Sentiment for the heady, drawn-out notes of steam whistles and the names of glamorous trains—the Overland Limited, the Twentieth Century, the Panama Limited—has been mixed with fretfulness over freight rates and irritation over late trains. In *The People*, Yes, Carl Sandburg caught some of the national feeling in his catalog of railroad nicknames.

The Never Did and Couldn't railway

is the N.D. & C., Newburgh, Dutchess and Connecticut.

The Delay Linger and Wait is the

D.L. & W., the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.

There were many others. When some fastidious railroad magnate, by the judicious use of watered stock and land grants, added a new link to the transportation system of the country, an irreverent pet name was immediately fastened on his magnificent engineering achievement. The O. & W., the New York, Ontario & Western, became the Old and Weary. The Houston Eastern and Western Texas that ran across the state was the H.E.W.T., or Hell Either Way you Take it. The Hoosac Tunnel and Wilmington, the H.T. and W., became the Hoot, Toot and Whistle. The Chicago Burlington & Quincy, or C.B. & Q., was once known as the Come Boys and Quit Railroad.

Recollections of their nicknames are about all that remain of a number of once-flourishing lines. From 1937 to 1973 some 38,000 miles of railroad were abandoned, and about 7,000 more miles are facing deactivation under a 1973 law. Texas leads the nation in dispensing with trackage, some 2,800 miles that include lines such as the Southern Pacific branch from Youkum to Skull Creek, and the ambitious Eastland, Wichita Falls & Gulf, which was to have been built from North Texas to the Gulf Coast, but was stopped after only 27 miles of track was laid down. New York is second to Texas for empty roadbeds standing where trains once ran. Many of the 2,500 miles are the remnants of the Ontario & Western that chugged around curves

Hikers enjoy scenery in western Colorado on a trestle where the Denver & Rio Grande once ran

in the Catskills, generally late, carrying fishermen and vacationists. About 1,900 miles have been abandoned in Iowa, 1,700 in Pennsylvania.

Colorado abandonments, while fewer, have the most arresting possibilities for recreation. The railways led to high mountain mining camps like Telluride that are now fast-growing ski centers and would be growing even more rapidly if trains still served them. The Rio Grande Southern near Telluride had a branch with at least 20 high, wooden trestles in 10 miles, much of the railbed is plastered against the side of cliffs with the trestles between rock abutments. By and large, roadbed hiking has been scorned by backpackers, but some of the toughest outdoorsmen in Colorado, members of the Denver Mountaineering Club, realized that the high roads, previously ignored, led to peaks not otherwise easily attained, and the roadbeds soon became favorite paths.

In 1965 the Chicago & North Western abandoned a 34-mile stretch between the towns of Sparta and Elroy in southwestern Wisconsin. The state recreation department bought the right-of-way for \$12,000, including three tunnels and 33 bridges in good repair. After the rails and ties were taken up and the cinders covered with limestone screenings, upkeep was figured at \$6,700 a year. By 1971 25,000 cyclists were using the path annually and last year the figure topped 50,000.

The Chicago, Aurora and Elgin was abandoned in 1961. Two years later a group of naturalists began to promote the trackage as a nature trail. They prevailed on Du Page County, through *continued*

OH, CAN'T YOU HEAR THE WHISTLE BLOWING?

Working on the railroad is almost a thing of the past, but with passage of a new act, miles of abandoned lines will be available for walking—or cycling—on the railroad

by ROBERT CANTWELL



which most of the line ran, to buy its right-of-way and formed a corporation, the Illinois Prairie Path, which leased the line from the county. The founders envisioned a path that one day would pass through fern-filled hollows, small forests of sugar maples and wild plums, thickets of crab apples and groves of cottonwood. Volunteers cleared the roadbed and smoothed the cinders, and more and more cyclists have used it over the years. Financed largely by membership dues, though open to the public, the Prairie Path is now protected under the National Trails System. In Ohio a 30-mile run from Akron to Cleveland, given up by the Penn Central, was bought by a public utility, which leases it to the recreation department for—inflation notwithstanding—a dollar a year.

Most such operations are short lines near cities. And much of the impetus for recycling railroad beds comes from one man, Waldo Nielsen, an engineer with Easman Kodak in Rochester, who started promoting his idea in 1966. Nielsen's business is what is known as human factor engineering—the study of ways to reduce stress, fatigue and monotony in industrial operations. A restless hiker and mountain climber from boyhood, Nielsen suffered machine-gun wounds in both legs during World War II, happily with only temporary impairment. After President Kennedy urged long-distance hiking as part of a physical fitness campaign, Nielsen and a friend set out to hike 50 miles in 24 hours. The roads were crowded around Rochester and almost by chance they set off through the woods on the Ontario & Western roadbed. They did not make the 50 miles, remaining out only 20 hours, for bridges were down and they were slowed by having to wade turbulent streams. But they found miles of pleasant walking on the cinder surface, and Nielsen began a lively campaign of writing and public speaking that has gone on ever since.

In the process he heard of two steam locomotives left in the Maine woods 100 miles from the nearest railroad and 40 miles from the nearest town. He wrote, "It is an almost uncanny sight to emerge from a dark narrow trail into the sunlight and find yourself looking at these two giant locomotives left in solitary seclusion where they were abandoned over 40 years ago." They were brought into the woods across the ice and used to haul logs over a short line between Eagle Lake

and Chesuncook Lake. The locomotives are still there should any hiker want to check them out.

Many American wilderness paths are remnants of old Indian trade routes, following ridge lines between watersheds. Even the easiest generally involves strenuous ups and downs. A railroad grade rarely runs to more than 3%, perhaps 150 feet in a mile. "These railroad rights-of-way are . . . ideal for family hiking, for the older hiker and perhaps for the hiker not in the best of health," Nielsen wrote in *Right-of-Way, a Guide to Abandoned Railroads in the United States* (published by Maverick Publications, Bend, Ore.).

Outside Rochester weeds rarely push through the packed gravel and cinders of the roadbed, so the path is generally clear. It may even be smooth; rains level the places where the ties have been removed. But on both sides the underbrush springs up in tropical abundance as soon as the right-of-way is abandoned. A hedge-like thicket forms, broken here and there with miniature forests whose growth nearly arches over the track—ready-made bird sanctuaries. In some of the miles of abandoned rights-of-way that Nielsen has explored, there is a surprising variety of scenery in reach of a leisurely Sunday hike—a high-fall through a swamp, a curving track around a quiet pond, a long stretch through pastures, half a dozen old station houses. At the opposite extreme, outside Portland, Ore., a pass follows an abandoned roadbed above the Willamette River, with mossy cliffs on the other side. A countryside that seems dull when glimpsed from a train window possesses its own interest when seen at close hand by a walk on the track.

It is an ancient and well-known fact, this hobo's view of America, so if you want to be a wilderness hero, savoring the silence and grandeur of a wild region where no one has ever been, discarded railroads are not for you. There is not much élan to be gained in a Sierra Club meeting if you mention that you have been hiking through the pastures between towns where the Cowlitz, Chehalis and Cascade once ran. On the other hand there are a great many people who would like to get out in the open without feeling required to storm the heights. These cautious explorers of fresh air—perhaps the majority of us—are intimidated by hang gliders, ignored by

white-water canoeists, regarded with raised eyebrows by mountain climbers and sky divers. But for the more sedentary, the promise of tranquil afternoons sauntering or cycling along an old railroad is an attractive one. And it is impossible to get lost on the straight track of a railroad.

At first, Nielsen received many favorable replies from government officials, but little was done. However, even before the Railroad Revitalization Act was passed, the atmosphere had changed. New York is acquiring several rights-of-way—one from the Penn Central for a hiking and cycle path along the Mohawk River, another from the Lehigh Valley for a scenic trail near Cazenovia and a third for a long trail in the Catskills near the Delaware River. More than a dozen New York counties and towns are establishing their own projects.

In Colorado it is easier to promote a hiking trail over a highly scenic mountain railroad's right-of-way than in the East. Even Nielsen is occasionally hard-pressed to say what you can do along some stretches. He mentions collecting old bottles, insulators, railroad spikes. No, the real appeal of railroad hiking and cycling is a subtle matter. There is something sociable about a railroad track. You can never forget that trains passed here. Sometimes the sense of them is so strong that you find yourself looking around half-expecting to see one coming along. If hundreds of thousands of people rode over these roadbeds, thousands also walked over the ties. A family picnicking in the evening with a fire going beside the track suggests the jungles of the hoboes who plodded along where hikers now walk. Cyclists racing through tunnels and past empty depots make you think of what an insatiably restless people built these railroads, the heroic folk of Sandburg's *The People*. Yes, whose questions were

Where to? What next?

Something of the same spirit remains in the appeal of railroads converted to footpaths. It is not that they provide a way of getting anywhere. It is simply that they seem too freighted with common associations to be abandoned and too promising in what they offer not to be used. These smooth and gentle paths wandering through the mountains or along river banks may be the simplest, least expensive and most practical recreational asset in the country.

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Of Galahad and Quests That Failed

*Stan Musial was—and is—The Men of the hour, but for one
black player and the minor leagues, times have been wrong*

by Roger Kahn

Part 2: Grand Old Game

TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE

Artie Wilson's major league record appears in a most abbreviated form in my copy of *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, which contains an extensive array of statistics on virtually everyone else who has ever played in the big leagues. The abridgment of Wilson's record was intentional, but not malicious. To qualify for a full listing in the 1974 edition of the encyclopedia, a player had to have at least 25 major league at bats; Artie Wilson had only 22 for the 1951 Giants. The cursory way in which Wilson is treated says a great deal about the incompleteness of what is supposed to be baseball's basic reference work. But it says even more about the game itself, which prevented Wilson and generations of players like him from qualifying for the encyclopedia because of a single and, indeed, malicious reason. Artie Wilson is black.

When you dig further, the records on Wilson still yield only a fraction of his truth. He played shortstop, second and first with the Giants, appeared in 19 games and hit .182. Officially Wilson was 30 during his only major league season. Some suggest he was four years older. Whatever, his skills had long since been eroded by having to play professional baseball 11 months a year.

Monte Irvin, who was 30 before he was allowed to begin his brief, brilliant big-league career, says, "Artie was one of the greatest shortstops anybody ever saw. In the old Negro leagues we called him the Octopus, because it seemed as though he had eight arms. He had tremendous range, wonderful speed, a super arm. Besides that, he was a first-rate pinch hitter. But by the time they let him join us on the Giants, he simply wasn't the player we'd known."

You find Wilson these days among the damp green silences of Portland, Ore., where Artie's minister, the Rev. Thomas L. Strayhorn, says there are no racial problems of any kind. Pastor Strayhorn smiles slightly "That's because there

aren't enough of us blacks here for them to notice."

Wilson sells Chryslers for a company called Gary-Worth, and during our three days together he managed to mention in his quiet, relaxed way all the merits of a model called the Cordoba. Artie is a hard-working auto salesman, and, yes, I would buy a used car from that man. But mostly we talked baseball, which Wilson looks back on with a warmth that others focus on old romances.

"Oh, but I loved playing the game," he said in the tidy living room of his two-story frame house in northeast Portland. "I loved it as a little kid 'round the sandlots in Birmingham, and I loved it playing for the Acipco cast-iron pipe company. Say, you know I played against Willie Mays' daddy back then? Cat Mays played for Westfield in the Tennessee Coal and Iron League. And I loved it with the Birmingham Black Barons. We used to have an all-star game in the colored league. I was the starting shortstop most of the years I was playing for Birmingham. Except 1945. That year they had Jackie Robinson take my place."

"I never thought Robinson had a high-league shortstop's arm," I said.

"Right," Wilson said, "but Jackie cheated. He studied the hitters good and made up for the arm by playing position. He knew where they'd hit the ball. For the Giants, Alvin Dark done the same thing. There wasn't nobody who saw me and Jackie in 1945 who wouldn't tell you but one thing. I was the best shortstop. There isn't nobody with intelligence who wouldn't tell you something else. For integrating baseball, Jackie was the best man."

What Artie loved most was his one season in the major leagues playing for Leo Durocher. "Leo had the greatest tricks," he said. "He'd carry a rubber cigar—he didn't smoke—and he'd come up to some rookie and say, 'Hey, gimme your matches.' Twenty minutes later he'd be asking the kid what he was doing in

the Thunderbird Club last night. The rookie wondered how Leo knew where he'd been drinking. Leo had looked at the matches, that was how. But after a while the rookies got smart. You can't stay dumb forever. They stopped carrying matches and bought cigarette lighters. Then Leo would come up with something else. No way you could get ahead of that guy."

Artie, a trim man with a pencil mustache and a soft tenor voice, and his wife Dorothy put two children through college, which meant he always had to supplement his income by playing Caribbean winter ball. "The guys I knew in baseball," Wilson said, "Luis Tiant's father was on the New York Cubans. Best left-handed pick-off move I ever saw. Silvio Garcia, an infielder. Durocher said he'd have been worth a million if he was white. Luke Easter. They spoiled him up in Cleveland by getting him to pull. If they'd left Easter alone, he'd of hit 'em 450 feet to any field. When I was finishing in the Pacific Coast League, I played for Charlie Dresen. He was a sharp one, almost like Durocher. But not quite. Leo was off there by himself."

"One time with the Giants, Leo came into a Pullman car where a bunch of his players were shooting craps. Leo took off his jacket, got down on the floor and in half an hour had every dollar in that Pullman. Then he stood up and told the players, 'You've already been taken to bed. Now it's time for you to go to sleep.'"

The memory made Wilson laugh softly in delight. He grew up in black poverty outside of Birmingham, but he says neither poverty nor segregation bothered him when he was a child. "I didn't know nothing else, and I was happy long as I could get into a game. For a baseball, we'd find an old golf ball somebody had hit out of bounds. We'd wrap some string around it tight and have our ball. For a bat, we'd saw down a tree branch. When I needed a buck or two for sneakers, I shined shoes."

continued

"Later I got a job cutting pipes and playing ball for the Acipco Company, and one day I got careless in the factory and lost part of my thumb." He showed me his right hand. The thumb was cut off at the knuckle. "Didn't hurt much and I just had to adjust my throwing a little. I pitched once in a while. In the colored leagues you had to play every position. After the accident, I could make my fast-ball move better."

"With the Black Barons we had an owner who ran a funeral parlor in Memphis. He paid us regular. We went from town to town by bus, and I got so I slept better sitting up in a bus than in a bed. Then Abe Saperstein got the club and took us out barnstorming, and we won nearly every game we played. When we got to San Francisco, Abe wanted to take us to DiMaggio's Restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf. Then he got the word. A colored ball team wasn't welcome. I think that got me as mad as anything ever did."

Integration moved slowly. First Robinson. Then Larry Doby. Then Dan Bankhead. It was 1960 before the majors were truly open.

"But the years you were excluded from organized ball?" I asked.

"You're thinking now, not then. Then, like I say, I was just happy to be a professional baseball player anywhere."

Wilson drove me about Portland, soft-selling his Cordoba, pointing out the Civic Stadium, where the Portland Timbers were playing soccer, and the Columbia River, crowded not with salmon but with freighters. "Rains a lot here and it's cool, but it's been my home for 22 years now," he said. "You have any plans for tomorrow?"

"No."

"Well, if I'm not intruding on you and interfering with your sleep, I'd like you to be my guest at church." It was a hesitant, strangely poignant invitation.

"Thanks," I said. "Appreciate that." Then, musing aloud, "Is your church integrated?"

"Of course it's integrated," Wilson said.

I attended Sunday School class at the Allen Temple Christian Methodist Episcopal Church where we read *Corinthians* and men debated whether sin began with taking a drink or getting drunk. The issue still lay in doubt when services began. The congregation sang Come, Thou Almighty King. Wilson, the finance chair-

man of the church, supervised the passing of collection plates. Pastor Strayhand preached and chanted on life's decisions. After services, scores of people came up to shake my hand and bid me welcome. All of them were black.

At dinner Wilson said, "You remember when you asked if my church was integrated?"

"You told me it was."

"What I meant was that God don't know no color."

Then we were back to baseball again. Artie asked me what was happening in Seattle.

"Well, they have their dome, Danny Kaye and Les Smith have the franchise, and for the first few years the team there will be terrible."

"Is there any chance they might hire Leo to manage?"

"Depends on Durocher's health and how he's been getting along with Kaye. What makes you ask?"

The soft voice grew even more quiet. "I know a lot about the game. I can teach good, I'm fine selling cars, but I was just thinking that maybe if Leo got the managing job he might just happen to remember me."

The old Negro all-star shortstop looked out a restaurant window into twilight. "My children has grown fine," he said. "My wife's a lovely woman. I'm at peace with myself. But I didn't just love playing that game. I loved being around baseball. The big leagues is the greatest baseball in the world."

"I don't miss nothing, and I don't regret nothing. 'cept hern' turned away at DiMaggio's. But now at my age, if Leo got Seattle and hired me as one of his coaches, I could help him and be back in the major leagues again."

"I'd pray for that," Wilson said without sadness. " 'cept you just shouldn't ask the Lord for too much."

THE COUNTRY OF THE POOR

The president of the Eastern League, a round-bellied, hearty, country-slick New Englander named Paul Patrick McKernan, spends his winters teaching current events at Neisac Middle School, outside the valley town of Pittsfield, Mass. "I have a wife and four children," McKernan said in the league office, which is the sun-room of his house. "Whatever you hear about a great American baseball boom, it doesn't apply here. The minors are a depressed area."

I have seen a list of salaries paid to major league baseball players during the 1975 season. These were not press-release exaggerations or newspaper guesses but figures printed in a private analysis called "Salary vs. Performance." You can find copies within a locked cabinet in any major league office.

There are few surprises at the top. Excluding attendance bonuses and the variety of fringe benefits that Catfish Hunter worked into his contract with the Yankees, Dick Allen's salary led the majors. The Phillies paid him \$250,000. Then came Henry Aaron at \$240,000, Johnny Bench at \$190,000, Lou Brock at \$185,000 and Willie Stargell at \$181,000. Although Aaron is the only lifetime 300 hitter in the bunch, every man here has been a superstar. Every one of them has been able to argue that he put customers in the park.

The highest-paid pitcher was Ferguson Jenkins (\$175,000), who is not really that good anymore, but the Texas Rangers were desperate when they signed him three seasons ago. Then came Tom Seaver at \$170,000, Luis Tiant and Gaylord Perry at \$160,000 and Steve Carlton and Don Sutton at \$155,000. (On the advice of his tax people, Hunter has limited his straight salary from the Yankees to \$100,000. He will get deferred income for many, many years.) They comprise a pitching staff most managers could tolerate.

I found the wages of lesser players truly startling. Fritz Peterson, an ordinary lefthander, earned \$66,000 in Cleveland. His earned run average was 3.95. Bob Bailey, who began as a wonderkind and grew up to be only a journeyman, earned \$72,000 at Montreal. The average salary for major league pitchers in 1975 was \$51,000. The average for players at other positions was \$55,000.

If you follow a basic law of economics—you can't pay what you don't have—these numbers indicate overall fiscal soundness in the majors. Add broadcasting contracts worth \$50.8 million this season and attendance that has been running about 10% ahead of the previous best year, and big-league baseball assumes an emerald glow of affluence.

But travel to Pittsfield through the rolling Berkshire hills, and you find yourself in the country of the poor. Early this season, when the Berkshire Brewers, Pittsfield's team, led the Double-A Eastern

League, a night game drew only 110 fans. Later the management imported Bob Feller, Rapid Robert when nicknames were in flower and the hardest thrower of his time. At 57, Feller has become a fine showman, and he presented a splendid pregame pitching exhibition. The attendance at Wachonah Park was 351.

Pat McKernan sits up late analyzing what besets his minor league, but in Pittsfield one obvious and unconquerable monster stands against the sky. It is the master antenna for the local cable television company. On certain evenings when the Brewers are at home, so is almost everyone else in Pittsfield. On one channel they can watch the Yankees. A second brings them the Mets. A third carries New England's summer demigods, the Boston Red Sox.

Berkshire County in western Massachusetts mixes low hills, 3,000-foot mountains, small farms, upland mendi-

ows, swift-running brooks. It is most famous now for Tanglewood, the Boston Symphony's summer retreat where a performance of Beethoven's Ninth draws 15,000 listeners. But while Tanglewood is relatively new, local baseball tradition goes back almost to Beethoven's lifetime. One hundred fifty years ago children played games similar to baseball in the Berkshire fields, and in 1859 Amherst and Williams played the first intercollegiate game at Pittsfield. The curveball had not yet been invented. Amherst won 73-32.

In October 1969 McKernan bought an Eastern League franchise for \$1,000, and in December he concluded a working agreement with the Washington Senators. The Senators, nobody's first choice, offered the only deal he could get.

Under a standard Double-A working agreement, the major league club supplies uniforms, a minimum of 19 players, a trainer and a manager. Double-A

salaries run from roughly \$2,500 to \$8,000 per season. The local owner pays \$150 a month toward the salaries of the 19 athletes. The big-league club makes up the difference and pays the trainer and the manager in full. The parent club also selects the team and shuttles players in and out at will.

"So you don't control your product," McKernan said. "But I thought I had a chance. I was a manager-type in college, and I did some sportswriting in Butavia, N.Y. I figured that I knew baseball and I knew this town."

"I was not only the president of the Pittsfield Ball Club. In the beginning I was the sole employee. Then volunteers began to help. I started speaking. I sold some tickets. I sold some ads for the next season's program. Renting a bus was a big expense, so I went to a bank and borrowed money and bought a 1950-something-model bus that still ran well. The

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNIE FUCHS



bank wasn't difficult. They knew me. The bankers wanted baseball here. If anything went wrong, the bank had the bus.

"We have 70 home dates, and I tried to come up with 70 promotions. All kids in free. All right. Some of them bring parents. The parents pay. Then once you've got people inside, you're selling them franks and Cokes and beer.

"In the four years I kept the team we always drew between 44,000 and 50,000 fans a season. That averages out to better than 500 a night. I never touched a dime of my own money, and the team itself never lost money—except sometimes I couldn't pay myself any salary.

"Then last year the league presidency opened. I wanted it, so I had to sell the club. Forget *The Sporting News*. I took an ad in *The Wall Street Journal*. It went like this:

DID YOU EVER WANT TO OWN A BASEBALL TEAM?

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.

"I listed my phone number, and I got 40 responses. I sold the team for \$45,000."

McKernan sipped a soft drink. "I made money with the team and I enjoyed it, so I have no sour grapes, but what do the big boys like Bowie Kuhn tell you they pump into the minors?"

"The figure they claim is \$36 million annually."

"Well, in the Eastern League it costs the major league clubs with farms \$80,000 to \$125,000 to support a franchise. But look what they get. We provide them with a training ground. They get to see if their prospects can play under hard conditions, after tough bus rides, day games following night games, under lights that may not be the greatest. We play 140 games, so they find out which kids have the stamina, who can play night after night after night.

"They could help us by giving us some continuity, by letting kids play in the regions where they grew up. They actually resist that. They say that playing before home folks puts too much pressure on a boy. A lot of Pittsburgh people look at the Brewers as a bunch of visiting Californians who won't be around here next year. They'd rather watch local kids playing American Legion ball. And the major leagues could also stop televising us to death.

"Go look around the ball park. They've got some talent. The manager,

John Felske, is a fine guy. And remember this, I'm only 35 years old. I expect to get in the majors someday myself. And then I'll remember. I hope I'll remember, the way things are out here among us poor people."

John Felske, the manager of the Brewers is a powerful 6'3" native of Chicago whose major league career spanned three seasons and 54 games. He is authoritarian without being cruel, organized, precise and convinced that baseball must be a discipline before it can be fun. Terry Ervin, one of Felske's outfielders, had just been suspended for bumping an umpire, and Felske made sure that Ervin did not draw meal money during his suspension.

"I don't get paid?" Ervin asked.

"That's what suspension means. You don't play and you don't get paid," said Felske.

"Then why do I have to show up at the ball park?"

Felske rubbed a strong hand through his sandy hair. "When you're suspended, we don't even have to give you meal money, and we're not going to. I want you at the park because I want you to be working out."

"It ain't right, having to work out without getting paid," said Ervin.

"Think of that before you bump an umpire again," Felske said coldly.

Felske is 34 and has seen some boyhood Chicago friends go to prison. "I don't make a big thing of it," he says, "but we can all go wild as kids. My baseball career has kept me from making really wrong turns. I've made mistakes, like telling off Leo Durocher. That got me off the Cubs in 24 hours. But nothing disastrous, and my little kids are coming along fine."

Felske has a strong pragmatic intelligence, and through 12 years as a catcher in organized ball he has mentally recorded managerial excesses. Once he played under Pete Reiser, an outfielder of infinite talent who destroyed his career by running headfirst into walls. By the time Felske played for him, Reiser was a sour man who ragged his players constantly. After one particularly unpleasant session, Felske went out and got the his that they won a game.

"I only was on you because it makes you a better ballplayer," Reiser said later. Telling the story, Felske smiled a hard smile. "Reiser got on me because he was a disappointed man. Both of

us knew that, but I just walked away."

At Palatka, Fla., Felske played for Hal Jeffcoat, who spent 12 years in the major leagues. The Palatka club was a loser, and before that season was through Jeffcoat quit. He immediately called a team meeting.

"Before I go, there's just one thing I want you all to understand," Jeffcoat said. "None of you s.o.b.s will ever make the big leagues."

If you play for Felske, you make practice on time or you pay a fine. You work out hard and play hard, or else you are benched. You find the manager present at the ball park and absent from team parties. ("I can manage the bullplayers. I don't know about the wives.") But if you extend yourself, you'll be encouraged, not humiliated, and if your joy is playing recordings of Jethro Tull full blast on the team bus, you'll be tolerated, if not endorsed. "All I can say," Felske shouted over a Tull tape during a road trip last June, "is that it's a good thing for you guys that we don't have a fine for lousy musical taste."

Felske's best prospect and most delicate problem is a bespectacled outfielder-first baseman named Danny Thomas, who was batting .368 when I reached Pittsfield. He had hit 16 home runs, and he was making diving backhand catches that showed perverted competitive intensity.

A year ago at Reading, Pa. an umpire named Greg Henley called a questionable double play against the Brewers. The Reading second baseman caught the shortstop's toss, dropped it, recaptured it at his knees and threw to first. Had he retained possession at second base? Was the lead man out?

Henley thought he was Thomas disgraced. After the game Thomas wanted for Henley to dress. Then outside the ball park he crashed a right into the umpire's face. McKernan suspended Thomas for the season.

Some Milwaukee officials wanted Thomas released at once. Uncontrollable hotbods make poor prospects. But Felske asked for another chance to work with Danny. The two have since held searching talks on youth, wildness and throwing away a possible major league career through insensate rage.

Now the Brewers were playing the West Haven Yankees in the close and exciting second game of a doubleheader

continued

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The Brewers moved ahead. West Haven stole the lead. The Brewers tied the score, and when the game went into an extra inning, Felke sent for Lee McLaurine, a small relief pitcher who had not given up a run all season.

With one out, the Yankees' Dennis Irwin walked. Dennis Worth lined a single to center. Brewer Centerfielder Kenzie Davis threw out Irwin at third. Both teams play hard aggressive baseball, and Worth went to second on the throw. Garth long singled to left so sharply that Worth had to stop at third.

Two out. Two on. The game Pete Ward, the Yankee manager, thought briefly of pinch hitting for Mike Fischlin, his shortstop who was batting .198. For no reason Ward could later explain, he decided to let Fischlin hit.

McLaurine threw a breaking ball and Fischlin looped it 135 feet down the first-base line. Brewer Second Baseman Neil Rasmussen ran and ran and dived and caught the ball one-handed. He fell hard on his left elbow, and the ball popped out of his glove. His momentum had carried him yards into foul territory. Not he, or Thomas in right, or First Baseman Dave Lindsey moved to retrieve the baseball. They all assumed Fischlin's pop-up was foul.

But Henley, still umpiring in the Eastern League, was gesturing that the ball had been fair at the moment that it touched Rasmussen's glove. The Yankees kept running. The ball lay on the grass in foul territory. Worth scored. Long scored. Fischlin scored. You could not charge the second baseman with an error for his impassioned try. Fischlin had put the game out of reach with a 125-foot home run.

Three or four Brewers, none of them Thomas, stormed toward Henley. Felke, a big sandy-haired bear, sprang from the dugout. He shoved several Brewers aside before they came close to the umpire. McLaurine, his game lost, his perfect ERA ruined, screamed in scarlet rage. Felke grabbed McLaurine's uniform and spun the pitcher 10 feet away from Henley. Then, with his players blocked by his body and his authority, Felke lectured Henley until he ran out of words.

After the 9-6 defeat, most of the Brewers showered, dressed silently and departed. After a while only Felke, McLaurine, Thomas and I sat with our beers

in the old wooden clubhouse. By now McLaurine's usual genial personality had returned.

"You know, I got so mad out there I was actually going to take a swing at Henley," he said.

Thomas, last year's Reading wild man, sat up straight. "Lee, don't you ever do that," he said. "Curse, if you got to. Throw your cap. Kick dirt. But never hit an umpire. It just isn't worth it. Think about it, will you? It just doesn't make any sense."

Felke gazed at me across a beer can. I have never seen a manager's face shine with greater pride.

It did not matter to John, but it did to me, that for the most exciting game I'd seen on any level all year, only 200 people had sat in the grandstands of Walcott Park.

NOT QUITE GALAHAD

Outside the multipurpose stadium in St. Louis, in the vaulting shadow of the Gateway Arch, a hulking statue purports to represent Stan Musial at bat. It is a triumph of ineptitude over sincerity.

St. Louis baseball writers who watched Stan Musial play baseball for almost a quarter of a century engaged a sculptor named Carl Mose to cast Old No. 6 in bronze. Then someone composed an inscription for the pedestal:

HERE STANDS BASEBALL'S PERFECT WARRIOR.

HERE STANDS BASEBALL'S PERFECT KNIGHT.

The shoulders are too broad. The torso is too thick. The work smacks of the massive statuary that infests the Soviet Union. It misses the lithe beauty of The Man.

"I saw the sculptor when he was working on it," Musial said. "I told him I never looked that broad. He said it had to be that broad because it was going to be against the backdrop of a big ball park. He missed the stance, but what kind of man would I have been if I'd complained. The writers were generous to put it up. The sculptor did his best. Look, there's a statue of me in St. Louis while I'm still alive."

A pregnant woman, armed with an autograph book, charged "Write for my son Willie," she commanded. Musial nodded, said, "Where ya from?" and signed with a lean-fingered, practiced hand.

"Thank you," the pregnant woman

said, "Willie is coming soon. After he gets here and learns to talk, I'm sure he'll thank you, Mr. Musial."

Inside the round stadium, the Cardinals were losing slowly in the wet Mississippi Valley heat. The final score would be Cincinnati 13, St. Louis 2. We had left after the fourth inning when baseball's perfect knight passed his threshold of anguish over the bad game being played by the home team.

To reach most old ballplayers, even millionaire old ballplayers like Hank Greenberg, you simply call their homes around dinner time. A pleased, remembered voice comes through the phone. "I had a good day playing tennis. How've you been? Who've you been seeing lately? Say, if you're ever in town, come over and we can talk about the old days."

To reach Musial, you call the office of the resort and restaurant corporation called Stan Musial & Biggie's, Inc. When I did, a secretary said crisply but politely, "I'm sorry, but Mr. Musial is on a goodwill tour of Europe. He'll be back briefly in two weeks. Then he's flying to the Montreal Olympics. We'll try to fit you in, but could I have your name again and could you tell me what this is in reference to?"

It was in reference to one thing, Stan Musial, neither a perfect warrior nor any sort of knight, is my particular baseball hero. I once heard a teammate who knew him well call him a choker. "Considering his ability, he didn't drive in enough runs," the man said. Musial heard about that remark, but would not stoop to make a response. During his 22 years with the Cardinals, Musial batted in a total of 1,951 runs. That is the fifth highest total in the history of the major leagues. According to Jackie Robinson, Musial remained passive in baseball's struggle to integrate itself. "He was like Gil Hodges," Robinson said. "A nice guy, but when it came to what I had to do, neither one hurt me and neither one helped." But four years ago Musial worked quietly for the election of George McGovern as President. He is a political activist, and on racial questions he favors the men whom Robinson almost certainly would have preferred.

Musial is a man of limited education, superior intelligence, a somewhat guarded manner, a surface conviviality and a certain aloofness, because he knows just who he is. Stan Musial, Hall-of-Famer.

continued

great batsman and, 13 years after he last cracked a double to right center field, still an American hero.

We were rambling about baseball in one of his offices in St. Louis when my wife, who can be more direct than I, interrupted five questions.

"By the time you got to be 35," she said, "and your muscles began to ache, did you still enjoy playing baseball?"

Musial nodded, touched his sharp chin and said, "I always wanted to be a baseball player. That's the only thing I ever wanted to be. Now figure that I was in the exact profession I wanted and I was at the top of that profession and they were paying me \$100,000 a year. Yes, I enjoyed playing baseball very much right up to the end of my career."

"About politics?" Wendy asked.

"I'm a Democrat. Tom Eagleton, the Senator, says he remembers sitting in my lap when he was a kid visiting our spring-training camp years ago."

"What do you think of Jimmy Carter?"

Musial laughed to himself. "I'd have to say he's very unusual for a candidate."

"You worked for Lyndon Johnson?"

"He asked me to run his physical-fitness program and I did. I believe an physical fitness. I'm 55 years old, and I still swim two or three hours every day."

"But didn't you find Johnson vulgar?" Wendy said.

Musial looked impersonally at me, then at my wife. "No," he said, "because we only talked politics."

If I read him correctly, Musial had said in quick succession that Wendy's first question was naive, that Carter was the prince of peanut growers and that Johnson would have sounded obscene in a roaring dugout. Just as he hit home runs without seeming to strain, Musial had implied all these things without a suggestion of rancor.

People were always mistaking his subtlety for blandness. An agent employed by both Musial and Ted Williams once said to me, "If you want to make some money selling articles, stick with Williams. The other feller's nice, but there isn't any electricity to him." Then one of the editors at *Newsweek*, where I was working, directed me to prepare a cover story on Musial. "Pick up the Cardinals out in Pittsburgh," the editor said, "and make Musial take you back to Donora. It'll work well, putting him back on the

streets of the Pennsylvania factory town where he grew up."

At Forbes Field, Musial said that he was driving to Donora the next day and I was welcome to ride along with him—provided I promised not to write about the trip.

"Why not?"

"I promised someone I'd visit sick kids in the hospital. If you write that, it'll look like I'm doing it for publicity. And my mother lives above a store there. That's where she wants to live. We had her in St. Louis, but she missed her old friends, so she went back home and found a place she liked. No matter how you write that, the magazine will come out with a headline: STAN MUSIAL'S MOTHER LIVES ABOVE A STORE."

"Well, I have to come back with a story."

"We'll spend some time and maybe come up with something," Musial said.

We talked botting for three days. To break a slump, he hit to the opposite field. He remembered a day at Ebbets Field when he had gotten five hits, all with two strikes, and he remembered a year when he suffered chronic appendicitis and played 149 games and hit 312. He remembered the doubleheader at Busch Stadium when he hit five home runs. He could even recall the different pitches that he hit.

"Do you guess at the plate?" I asked.

The sharp-featured face lit. "I don't guess, I know." Then Musial spun out a batting secret. He had memorized the speed at which every pitcher in the league threw the fastball, the curve, the slider. He picked up the speed of the ball in the first 30 feet of its flight, after which he knew how the ball would move as it crossed home plate.

About 80 pitchers worked in the National League then. Musial had locked the speed of about 240 different pitches into his memory. I had asked the right question, and Musial responded with a story that was picked up by a hundred newspapers.

They oversimplified, as newspapers often do. Even if you can identify a pitch 30 feet away, you are left with only a tiny fraction of a second to respond. Musial's lifetime batting average of .331 was not the product of a single secret. It was fashioned of memory, concentration, discipline, eyesight, physical conditioning and reflexes.

Going for his 3,000th hit, Musial neglected to concentrate and took his stride too early. But he kept his bat back, as all great hitters do. On sheer reflex, he slugged a double to left.

Now in his office, Musial looked much as he had 15 years before. The same surprisingly thin wrists. The same powerful back. A waistline barely thicker than it had been. The deceptive self-deprecation also persists.

"I'm semiretired," he insisted, but twice he politely broke off our interview to take business calls. Stan Musial & Biggie's, Inc., a family-held company, owns two Florida hotels and a restaurant and a hotel in St. Louis.

"Are you a millionaire like Hank Greenberg?" I asked.

"Just write that I'm not hanging for my pension. A long time ago I knew I couldn't hit forever, and I knew that I didn't want to be a coach or manager. So Biggie Garagnani, who died young, and I started the restaurant in 1949. Biggie knew the business, and I knew that just my name wasn't enough. I put in time. I like mixing with people up to a point, and my being here was good for business. I still walk around in the place six nights a week when I'm in town. So while I was playing, I was building a permanent restaurant business, and that just led naturally into the hotels. What's my title? President of Stan Musial & Biggie's, Inc."

Unlike many self-made men from poor backgrounds, Musial is a liberal, and his liberalism seems to deepen as he ages.

"I don't think Polish jokes or Jewish jokes or black jokes are really funny," he said. "My dad came out of Poland and worked like hell all his life. What was funny about that? Poles came out of Poland and helped out in the American Revolution. Was that a joke? I've just come back from Poland, and I enjoyed the country, the people and seeing them work hard building high rises. Some of them knew me. I brought my harmonica along and played a little."

"Polish songs?"

"Yeah. Like *Red River Valley*."

At the park, fans flooded toward his box, demanding autographs and making it difficult to study the game. Musial singled out Pete Rose for praise and said he felt embarrassed that so many major-leaguers were hitting in the 200s. "There's no excuse for that. You know why it hap-

pens? They keep trying to pull everything, even low outside sliders. You can't do that. Nobody can. If you're a major league player, you ought to have pride. Learn to stroke outside pitches to the opposite field. That's part of your job. A major league hitter is supposed to be a professional."

"Do you miss playing?" I said as Rose rapped a single up the middle.

"No," Musial said. "Nice stroke, Pete. I quit while I still enjoyed it, but I put in my time. I like to travel now, but not with a ball club. Have you ever seen Ireland? Do you know how beautiful it is?"

After the game, we drove back to Musial's restaurant, and a crowd surrounded him in the lobby. He said to each, "How are ya? Where ya from?" One 50ish man was so awed that he momentarily lost the power of speech. He waved his arms and sputtered and poked his wife and pointed. Musial clapped the man gently on the back. "How are ya? Where ya from?" Musial said to him again. The man looked as if he might weep with joy. At length he recovered sufficiently to say a single word, "Fresno."

"Does this happen all the time?" I asked.

"Isn't it something?" Musial said. "And I'm 13 years out of the business. You know what Jack Kennedy said to me once? He said they claimed he was too young to be President and I was too old to be playing ball. Well, Jack got to be President, and two years later, when I was 42 years old, I played 135 games and I hit .330."

"Ebbets Field, Stash," I said. "They should have given you the right-field wall when they wrecked the place. You owned it, anyway."

"What do you think my lifetime average was in Brooklyn?" Musial said.

"About .480."

"It only seemed that way," he said. "Actually my lifetime average there was .360."

I can't imagine Galahad, the perfect knight, as a baseball hero. He was priggish and probably undersized. That doesn't matter. Having Stanley Frank Musial is quite enough.

NEXT WEEK

Two legacies: 300 pitching victories and disappointment. 3,000 hits and death



MARY HOLT AND ROGER BRASHEARS invite you to take lunch at The White Rabbit Saloon, Lynchburg, Tennessee.

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What's the pox on the Sox?

THE WINNERS OF '75 HAVE BEEN CURSED
WITH WEAK BATS, GLOVES AND SPIRITS

It seems as if it was only yesterday. Boston, 12th inning, Game 6 of the 1975 World Series. Pat Darcy of the Reds pitches, Carlton Fisk of the Red Sox swings, and the baseball arches through the cool night air toward the left-field fence. Is it fair or foul? A breathless nation watches as Fisk takes a few steps toward first base, stops and turns to look at the ball, to urge it with waving hands and a contorting torso to stay fair. And seemingly because of the force of his body English alone, the ball passes inside the foul pole. Fisk applauds himself, Fisk scurries cartwheels around the bases. Underdog Boston has won 7-6.

In the 10 months since that dramatic moment, not many good things have happened to the Red Sox. The World Series was lost to Cincinnati the next day. The \$2 million acquisition from the A's of Outfielder Joe Rudi and badly needed reliever Rollie Fingers was canceled by the commissioner. Owner Tom Yawkey died. Manager Darrell Johnson was fired. And the team, says one player, has "withered in its ineffectiveness."

Those who expected Boston to repeat as American League champion this season—and they were many—got an indication of the problems to come on Opening Day. The Red Sox had only three hits, allowed an unearned run and lost to Baltimore 1-0. "Coming to Boston from Texas, I had high hopes this year," says Ferguson Jenkins, the losing pitcher that day. "I expected one of my best seasons, but I soon learned that the team I was playing for was not the one I had played against the year before. Neither the hitting nor defense was as good as I thought it'd be, and I was very surprised at the poor fundamentals. There

also seemed to be a lot of players with bad attitudes."

Boston won the Eastern Division title by 4½ games last season, holding first place from June 29 to the end. But in April of this year the Sox began a 10-game losing streak, their longest in 16 seasons, and they have been above .500 only three days since then.

"Because you can't fire an entire team," on July 19 General Manager Dick O'Connell axed Johnson instead. Third Base Coach Don Zimmer, who looks like a grizzled, 45-year-old Charlie Brown, was named as the replacement. Zimmer, it was thought, would command greater respect from the players and generally shake things up. He has done these things and promises to do more in training camp next spring, but his record as a manager at the end of last week was only 12-14. His team was fifth, 15½ games behind New York. What happened?

There are some who contend that the Red Sox were not all that good to begin with, that last season they were an improbable mishmash of young and old players who performed above their heads. But even if Boston is not as good as it appeared to be in 1975, certainly it is not as bad as it has been in 1976.

Carl Yastrzemski, who has been both a winner and loser in his 16 major league seasons, thinks he has learned what distinguishes the two. "When I first came here and it seemed like the Red Sox were finishing in last place every year, I thought that talent was the whole key to a strong team," he says. "But since then I've revised my opinion. Sure, it takes talent. But it also takes pride, attitude, character—anything you want to call it. Whatever it is, we have not had it this year. That's what we need to regain."

Statistically, the lack of whatever has shown up in many ways. The team batting average is down from .275 to .251, and run production has decreased from five to four a game. Although the staff ERA is slightly improved, the bullpen has been less effective. Errors are up, especially by Shortstop Rick Burleson, who has committed 25 compared to 29 all last season. Worst of all, the Sox have sometimes played as if baseball were the furthest thing from their minds. Says Zimmer, "We haven't been alert when it's come to running the bases, holding runners on, bunting, things like that."

Much of the blame for the team's failure has centered on three players who ended season-long holdouts only two weeks ago. Fred Lynn, Fisk and Burleson won a lot of money for their obstinacy, but they suffered a lot of mental anguish as well.

Encouraged by the Boston press, which made the holdouts a cause célèbre, Red Sox fans rode the threesome constantly. In the opinion of Rightfielder Dwight Evans, they became "a good excuse for our losing, but an unfair one." Because of the treatment from the fans, the press and, to some extent, their teammates, Lynn, Fisk and Burleson spent the first half of the season wavering between two extreme solutions, sign just to end the agony, or continue the holdout and join another team at the end of the season. In the process, their concentration—and performances—suffered.

Lynn, who has only 43 RBIs—he had 105 in 1975—says, "If I'm not driving in as many runs, it's because I've been moved up to third in the order and I don't have a couple of 300 hitters in front of me." But despite a .306 average, he clearly is not the swashbuckling MVP of a year ago. "Balls that Fred would've dived for and caught last year are popping out of his glove this season," says Evans. Burleson has improved his hit-



ZIMMER IS ALREADY PLANNING FOR NEXT YEAR

ting and fielding in the past six weeks, because, he says, "I stopped pressing and went back to my old way of doing things." Now batting .267, he is the only player on the team whose average is higher this season than last.

Probably no one felt the sting of criticism more than Fisk, a native New Englander whose average has plunged 100 points from last year's .331. Although injuries are partially to blame, Fisk admits, "As a catcher, I have to be totally involved to be effective, but I just couldn't concentrate. I was denying myself the emotional involvement that I need to play well."

According to Jerry Kapstein, the agent for all three players, the holdout issue "was blown right out of proportion. It certainly hasn't hurt the Phillies, who have four holdouts." But bitter feelings did result in Boston. "A sour taste was left in some mouths," Zimmer says, and Burleson claims he could sense the tension. "My teammates would never say so, but I could tell that the little arguments that arose and the nipping and I sometimes heard were really caused by our holdouts."

Even though that crisis has passed, the Red Sox continue to lose as often as they win. Boston was shut out twice last week, although it did show some old form in a 2-1 win over California. Burleson twice made game-saving stops, and Lynn drove in the deciding run with a single in the 10th inning. In the bottom of the 10th, Leftfielder Jim Rice, whose RBI total is way down from his 102 in '75, clinched the victory by throwing a runner out at home plate. "All year those things have been happening to us," said Burleson. "Tonight we did them for ourselves."

It was indeed a positive sign for the future for which the Red Sox are already preparing. Johnson is said to be scouting the list of possible free agents for a relief pitcher and a second baseman. And if rookie Butch Hobson comes through—he has hit only .196 so far—at third base, 33-year-old Rico Petrocelli may be traded or sent to Seattle or Toronto in the expansion draft.

There will be few banquets, a vastly reduced number of celebrity appearances and no awards for the Red Sox during the coming off-season. "It was fun," Rice says, "but this winter I think we'll all be thinking about baseball."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 8-14)

AL WEST Kansas City's John Mayberry is a left-handed pull hitter, and the opposition always plays him strong to the right side of the field. "Bunt, go to left," people have been telling the big first baseman all year. But even though his average plummeted to around .230, Mayberry has steadfastly refused. "Nah man," he says. "They want me to give up my power." For a while last week, Mayberry was giving up everything. A three-base throwing error helped New York to a 5-3 victory, and an 0-for-18 stretch at the plate helped the Royals to a 3-4 week "I just pop up everything I swing at," Mayberry said. But he continued to go for the right-field fence, and on Saturday it finally paid off—a homer, double and single that drove in five runs in a 15-3 win over Detroit. The victory went to Dennis Leonard, his 15th of the season and second of the week.

The Royals' timing could not have been better because Oakland is now playing "our best ball of the season," according to Manager Chuck Tanner. The A's 17-0 run their unbeaten streak to eight games last week and cut four games off KC's lead. Vida Blaz won twice, beating Milwaukee and Boston, and weary Rolfe Fingers appeared in five games. "I need rest," Fingers said. "I've got about 48 bottle caps on my elbow." And 18 saves to his credit. The A's were doing so well that the players were complaining again. After singing home the winning run in a game against the Brewers, Gene Tenace proclaimed, "There's no way I'll be with this club next year. I make \$40,000 less than some backup catchers."

Texas began to wake up from a deep sleep by winning five of eight. Three pitchers who had not won in more than five weeks racked up victories. Nelson Briles beat Detroit 8-1, Jim Umberger edged Cleveland 2-1 and Steve Foucault nipped the Indians 4-3 in relief.

Minnesota dropped five of six games and got just what it deserved when the Twins management made suggestion boxes available to the fans. "Move, sell and bring back the Minneapolis Millers," wrote one. "Do the same things you did when the team won eight straight games," advised another. Bill Singer's five-hit 2-0 win over Baltimore provided the only relief.

Chicago began the week in short pants and finished it in tatters. The White Sox wore the shorts in a 5-2 victory over the Royals, then returned to standard issue and lost five of their next six games. But it may have been worth it just to see Ralph Garr's knees. "Hey,

Ralph," John Mayberry teased. "You get over to first and I'm going to kiss you." As it happened, Ralph did. John didn't.

California did not do much either, dropping five of seven. Frank Tanana was the top banana, two-hitting Boston 6-0. "He's one of the five best pitchers in baseball," said Red Sox Manager Oen Zimmer. "And mean like Oen Orydale," added Angel skipper Norm Sherry. "He goes after hitters just the way Don did."

KC 88-45 OAK 63-63 TEX 56-58
MINN 56-59 CHIC 49-65 CAL 50-67

AL EAST The new Bronx Burglars were like the bombers of old last week. New York (5-2) had lost four straight games when Thurman Munson turned things around with an 11th-inning home run to beat Kansas City 2-1. This blow sparked a five-game winning streak that featured two home runs by Graig Nettles in a 9-3 win over Minnesota and a decisive ninth-inning homer by Roy White, which edged the Twins 5-4. Earlier, Catfish Hunter snapped his own four-game losing skid with a 12-5 defeat of the Twins to run his record to 13 and 12.

An old hero returned to the spotlight in an unfamiliar role during Baltimore's 4-2 week. Oriole veteran Mike Cuellar, suffering through a 4-12 season as a starter, made his first relief appearance ever for the club and registered a save in an 8-5 victory over New York. Jim Palmer, the league's biggest winner (with 16 victories), won twice but with varying degrees of effectiveness. He got the fourth one-hitter and 40th shutout of his career by beating Minnesota 2-0. But he did not make it through the sixth inning in an 8-6 defeat of Chicago in the first game of a doubleheader. Lee May hit a grand slam in that one, his 20th homer of the year. A grand slam in the rightcap by Reggie Jackson, his second homer of the day and 21st of the season, gave the Orioles a 6-5 win.

The Cleveland front office wants Manager Frank Robinson to play more. Robinson earns almost \$200,000 a year as player-manager and when he does come off the bench to hit, the results can be devastating—such as the ninth-inning pinch single that gave the Indians (3-4) a 5-4 win over Texas. The night before, Rick Mantling had nipped Chicago 4-3 with a 10th-inning hit. Unfortunately, none of this helped Dennis Eckenley, who lost 2-1 decisions to the Tigers and Rangers. Since returning from the bullpen, Eckenley has a 1.06 ERA and 45 strikeouts in 34 innings.

Mark Fidrych of Detroit (5-3) received 20 cakes and a stack of cards when he made a pre-birthday appearance against Texas. But the best present of all was Willie Horton's pinch-hit home run in the ninth that gave Fidrych

continued

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BASEBALL continued

a 4-3 win and a 13-4 record. When rookie Jerry Augustine four-hit California 2-0 for Milwaukee (2-3), Brewer Manager Alex Grammas declared he had "improved so much I don't recognize him." Boston (1-4) was all too familiar in the continuation of its disappointing season.

NY 69-44 BAL 58-54 CLE 55-56
DET 55-55 BOS 53-59 MIL 49-61

NL EAST It was Candy Night in Pittsburgh and nothing was sweeter than John Candelaria's 2-0 no-hitter over Los Angeles. After the Pirates (13-3) had given away 10,000 candy bars to the customers, the 22-year-old left-hander smacked at the batterfingerted Dodger batters. Only three runners reached base, all in the third inning on two walks and an error. Pittsburgh's first no-hitter at home in 69 years was not secured until the final breathless out, a lifesaver by Centerfielder Al Oliver. Chasing Bill Russell's short fly to center, Oliver and Shortstop Frank Taveras were on a collision course until Oliver made the catch. "That's the fastest I've run all year," said Oliver. "It's lucky we didn't collide or somebody might have been killed."

Before Montreal Pitcher Don Stanhouse took the mound against San Francisco last week, pinch hitter Jose Morales came up to him, swinging a couple of bats, and said, "Hey, if you need any runs, just call on me." In the ninth inning of a 1-1 game Stanhouse did need runs—and, sure enough, Morales came through with the game-winning hit "Jose's beautiful," said Stanhouse. The victory started the Expos (4-3) on a four-game winning streak, their longest of the year.

Ray Barris won twice for Chicago (4-3), beating the Reds 6-3 and the Dodgers 2-0. In between, the Cubs squandered a 9-0 lead in losing 13-10 to Cincinnati. But by now suffering Chicago fans should be used to such prodigality.

It was a good week for New York Manager Joe Frazier: four wins in six games and a new contract for 1977. Jerry Koosman and Jon Matlack got their 14th and 12th victories with one-run decisions over San Diego, but Tom Seaver lost to the Padres 3-0. He's now 9-3 with a 2.70 ERA in a frustrating season.

Pete Falcone and Harry Rasmussen pitched consecutive shutouts as St. Louis (3-3) beat Atlanta 8-0 and 4-0. Offsetting the victories was the loss of Centerfielder Duke McBride and his .335 batting average to knee surgery.

Philadelphia was dawdling along in a low-scoring 3-3 week before exploding for 19 hits, including Mike Schmidt's 31st home run, in a 13-2 thrashing of San Francisco.

PHIL 75-39 PIT 62-52 NY 60-58
CH 54-65 ST. L. 40-63 MONT 41-70

NL WEST Walter Alston is 64 years old, his Los Angeles Dodgers have fallen far behind and some disgruntled fans and writers are calling for his retirement. Whatever happens to Alston could affect Pittsburgh. The Pirates are known to be interested in hiring Alston's heir apparent, Third Base Coach Tommy Lasorda, who replaced Danny Murtaugh, who is said to be considering retirement.

More than managerial genius is needed to help the Dodgers catch the Reds. Cincinnati won four of six last week and opened up the biggest lead in baseball, 13½ games. In one three-game stretch, the Reds slugged 10 home runs, including three by George Foster. The likely MVP now has 27 homers, 106 RBIs and a .330 batting average.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CAMPY CAMPANERIS: The little Oakland shortstop spearheaded the A's to seven victories by hitting .440, scoring seven runs, driving in four and stealing four bases. In a game against Milwaukee, he went 4 for 4

LA's Don Sutton and Rick Rhoden picked well with 5-1 and 2-0 wins over Pittsburgh, but that was after the Dodgers (3-4) had been held hitless for the first time in 20 years by John Candalaria. While critics of Alston hummed *Auld Lang Syne* just loud enough for him to hear it, Leftfielder Bill Buckner criticized the strategy that has him batting second behind Davey Lopes. "By taking a lot of good pitches so Davey can seal, I waste my aggressiveness," Buckner said. "Then I have to waste my consistency by trying to pull to the right side of the infield so he can go to third."

Complete-game victories over St. Louis by Dan Larson and Larry Dierker were about all Houston could do in a 2-4 week. Leftfielder Jose Cruz kept connecting and became one of the league's top 10 hitters with a .322 average.

Hot behind Houston was San Diego (4-3). After three straight losses Randy Jones finally won his 19th, beating Montreal 7-2 despite catching a line drive on his right foot.

Atlanta was shut out twice by the Cardinals and scored only 10 runs all week, but still managed to win three of seven games. Dick Ruthven and Phil Niekro got 2-1 victories over San Francisco and Philadelphia and starter Frank LaCorte finally won his first major league game after six losses, beating the Phillies 4-3.

John Montefusco was the only winner for San Francisco (2-5), four-hitting the Braves 4-1 and six-hitting the Phillies 3-0.

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CIN 70-41 LA 62-54 WOUS 56-61
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WINNER HOWARD SPORTS HIS OVERALL GRIN

Everyone in Boulder, Colo. knew it was coming, but unsuspecting out-of-state motorists, topping a rise on Route 93 one morning last week, saw this first, in the distance, the gleaming town at the base of the mountains; then, squirming up the hill—glints of chrome in the sun—hundreds of pumping legs. A *bicentennipepe*?

No, it was the Red Zinger. Which is a bicycle race—in fact, three bicycle races in three days: a 10.8-mile time trial, a

93.4-mile road race and the 50-mile Criterion, so called because it is the ultimate test. In toto the event is the Red Zinger Classic. Red Zinger, sports fans, did not pitch for the Toledo Mud-Hens in 1935. He is an it, and it is an herb tea—not as universally known as Ginseng, but nonetheless popular with yin and yang, organic-food types.

Celestial Seasonings, the makers of Red Zinger, are proud of their brew. And Red Zinger is only one of 12 exotic potions they have designed to invigorate the spirit and pump the body full of energy. There is, for instance, Mo's 24, a tea named for Mo Siegel, Celestial's 25-year-old president, which combines hibiscus, raspberry leaves, peppermint, camomile, anise and a dozen other herbs. There is Mellow Mint tea and Sleepy Time. Nat-

urally, the folks at Celestial Seasonings are interested in having people buy their potions. Because clean air and physical fitness are very big in Boulder, two years ago they decided to push their product by putting on a bike race, and they decided to call it the Red Zinger Classic (a Sleepy Time Classic may have struck them as inappropriate).

On this morning, the day of the road race up and down the Rockies, there was no shortage of either clean air or fitness. Some of the world's greatest quadriceps—those muscles above the knees—were whizzing by in near-90° heat. The altitude was a heart-thumping 5,350 feet at the start, and from there the way was up and up.

Hunched over their handlebars were 130 cyclists including five members of

Tea for two-wheelers

BIG THINGS WERE BREWING IN COLORADO—A THREE-EVENT INTERNATIONAL RACE AND, FOR THE PARCHED CONTESTANTS, ALL THE HERBAL POTION THEY COULD DRINK



CARREING AROUND NORTH BOULDER PARK, THE RACERS COMPETE IN FINAL EVENT, THE 50-MILE CRITERIUM

the recent U.S. Olympic A and B teams, an Australian named Clyde Sefton and an Englishman, Dudley Hayton. Eight other foreign cyclists, including the six-man Mexican Olympic team, made the word classic seem appropriate: if the race was only two years old it was, indeed, a classy field and the first international stage event in U.S. history. As the road race proceeded four or five bunched cyclists would suddenly sprint ahead, like frightened minnows in a school, their backs bent, their heads down, their eyes squinting upward. Each man took his turn at the front, blocking the wind for those behind; no one wins a bicycle race alone.

They passed the hamlet of Wendover, elevation 8,900 feet and aptly named. And in the press trucks ahead there were two kinds of emotion—admiration and awe tinged with fear. The first was in response to men all but sprinting up mountains, the second was at the sight of men tearing down them. Officials and press sat in the trucks facing backward, mercifully spared from seeing where they were going, but they winced anyway as the cyclists hurtled down at close to 60 mph, clinging to their wispy 20-pound bikes, inches from the edges of cliffs, barely slowing at hairpin turns. Knees brushed knees, tires all but touched tires, disaster was always a split second away.

In one truck was Wyck Hay, vice-president of advertising for Celestial Seasonings. He stood, bracing himself, a megaphone at his mouth, screaming at people on the shoulder, "Hold onto that dog," or "Get that car off the road and into a driveway." When the break came, the five Americans fresh from Montreal, the Aussie and the Englishman left the pack, trailed by the Mexicans and 117 other contenders.

Then even the leading Americans and the Englishman were left behind. Clyde Sefton, the 24-year-old Aussie, was the first to wheel into the town of Ward, at 9,253 feet the highest point on the course, for which he won a \$400 savings bond and the sobriquet "King of the Mountain." A few miles farther on, one of the Americans attacked and passed him. Sefton sprinted, caught up and broke 20 seconds into the lead. Olympian Sefton had finished 15th overall in Montreal, and now he was out to prove he was much

better than that. Slipping precariously between equipment trucks and the guardrail at 60 mph, he continued his headlong downhill dash.

"He's a monster," came a voice from a truck.

"They're all monsters," said Kim Howard, wife of last year's overall champion, John Howard.

A member of the U.S. Olympic A team, "Monster" Howard was at it again this year, defending his title. At one point, leading an attack, he caught Sefton. But then Howard attempted to cross a railroad track. His front wheel collapsed. He got a new one from the support van, which would supply 50 wheels before the race was over, but the replacement cost Howard 45 seconds. Two of his Olympic teammates, Dale Stetina and Tom Doughty, dropped back to pull him on, helping him make up time.

The previous day Howard had won the first event, the time trial, which counted for 10% of the total score. If he could finish high in the road race, which counted 50%, it would improve his chances to repeat as overall champion and give his fellow Olympians the team title. Sefton had finished 22nd in the time trial, one minute 23 seconds behind Howard. So now Howard, Stetina and Doughty took turns leading, and in 1½ miles they were back in the break.

The South St. Vrain Creek, which had been a rushing torrent, had quieted by the time the cyclists raced the last 15 miles into Boulder. Railings of the old Hotel Boulderado strained under the weight of spectators on the balconies, looking up 13th Street over the heads of the crowds lining the sidewalks below. After 92 miles and more than three hours of racing, it all came down to a mad seven-man sprint into town. They had nothing left at the end, these men; neither Sefton, whose front wheel crossed the finish line milliseconds ahead of the others (winning him a \$1,350 savings bond), nor Howard, fifth across but in virtually the same time as Sefton.

Howard's chances looked good as the last day's event, the Criterium, came up—69 laps around North Boulder Park. He had only to avoid the kind of disaster that befell him in Montreal. Two-thirds of the way through the road race the cyclist in front of him had gone down

in the rain. Howard swerved, and remembers "a slow, dragging sort of slide down See, Catherine's Street."

The road race just completed may have been the weekend's most dangerous event, but the Criterium was the most exciting, if only because there were more people to be excited. One official estimated the crowd at 15,000, "the biggest damn U.S. bike race crowd I've ever seen." The Red Zinger was zinging. The unofficial theme was health. A hot dog would have been quarantined. Fans and faddists alike ate alfalfa sprouts on organic bread and drank iced Red Zinger with honey.

There were no bad vantage points, but the S curve at Baham and Alpine was popular. Curves are where things happen. The cyclists knew just how far they could lean. It always looked too far, and when it started to rain, that is how far it often was. Once three bikes went down in a chain reaction, suddenly and sickeningly, but to those involved it was a slow, dragging slide, a blur of color that never seemed to stop. Most of the cyclists bore the marks of their trade, a network of old scars and fresh contusions on elbows and knees.

Howard led only briefly in the race, and though at one point a break of three cyclists moved nearly a lap ahead of him, he was not worried. He knew that the two men who posed a threat—Sefton and England's Hayton, who had finished third in both the time trial and road race—were behind him. So he played it safe. "A fall could have cost me the whole deal," he said later, and he finished 1½ minutes behind the winner, Bill Nickson, another Englishman. But for the second straight year he had won the overall championship. He went home with a \$1,650 stereo system.

Tom Doughty was second overall, winning a \$700 graphite bicycle frame and a \$200 bond, and two of his fellow B team members, Dunn and Stetina, were fourth and fifth. Not surprisingly, the Bs won the team championship and a \$1,200 bond.

After the race Celestial Seasonings treated all the contenders to a banquet featuring brown rice with almonds, steamed vegetables with salad, fresh fruit juices and, naturally—what else—Red Zinger tea.

Massage for dressage, aye, there's the rub

JOHN MEAGHER'S MAGIC FINGERS CAN'T MAKE A HORSE PERFORM BEYOND HIS CAPACITIES, BUT THEY HELPED THE U.S. TAKE TWO GOLD MEDALS AT MONTREAL



MASSEUR MEAGHER WORKS ON BALLY COR, THE OLYMPIC INDIVIDUAL THREE-DAY CHAMPION

A day or so after the U.S. Olympic equestrian team won gold medals in both the individual and team three-day events at Montreal, a man named John Meagher (rhymes with bar) visited the stall of Bally Cor, the big brown mare which Tad Coffin had ridden to victory in the individual event. Meagher, a "sports masseur," doesn't mind taking some of the credit for Bally Cor's admirable performance.

"Bally is my big one," says Meagher, who started massaging horses in 1970. Until then his clients were mostly human athletes, but, as he is fond of saying, "a muscle is a muscle."

It was, in part, geographical juxtaposition that led Meagher to offer his services to the Olympic team. His home in Lynn, Mass., is a scant half hour from U.S. equestrian team headquarters in Hamilton, near Boston.

There was more to it, of course. There was the challenge. "These horses are the toughest athletes in the world," Meagher marvels. "No kidding, the toughest, bar none."

The mounts in the austere Massachusetts stable are what are known as "three-day" horses. Unlike their counterparts in dressage and open jumping, they are tested for three straight days in separate disciplines: dressage, endurance and stadium jumping. This sport is known as three-phase, combined training or eventing. Meagher has accompanied his equine charges to several events, for sports massage is done before, not after, a performance. "It's like force-feeding blood and oxygen into the tissue," Meagher explains. "People always think in terms of 'jazzing up' the horse but that's not it at all. I just give the animal a freer and easier motion. I don't want a horse prancing around; I just want him to start loose and stay loose."

Meagher says that sports massage, sometimes called deep massage, is an art, not a science. "It's the study of anatomy in braille. You can't just walk up to a horse and go slam-bang, because you'll get the opposite reaction from the one you want. You have to know when to stop. You have to know how much force to use. You have to know where the architectural stress points are. They're the places where the traffic jams happen."

On the first day of competition, Meagher gives Bally Cor what he terms

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a "light" massage. The dressage phase tests the precision of a horse's gaits. The animal is asked to perform a sequence of natural movements—the walk, the trot, the canter and halt—under rigid scrutiny. Obviously, within the narrow confines of the dressage arena, a horse's flaws are glaringly apparent.

On the morning of the second day Meagher performs a deeper massage, applying more force. The second day is the most taxing for the horse. It includes a steeplechase that is run flat out, two long "roads and tracks" that must be trotted and a cross-country course to be galloped.

"There's no way a muscle can be neutral," Meagher emphasizes. "It either works for you or against you. Out on that cross-country, a horse that's been massaged will conserve his energy. Massage won't increase endurance, understand. You build endurance through training and conditioning, but that horse will use less energy. If you push the horse, you'll find out he can do more."

The final day is devoted to stadium jumping. This is done in a manicured ring over spiffy pointed fences, and tests the horse's ability to perform after the rigors of cross-country. The stadium jumping is preceded by a veterinary check and, for the U.S. horses, a massage.

Sports massage won't turn a weak horse into a winner. "The best will remain the best," says U.S. Olympic Coach Jack Le Goff. Competition, however, "is so tight and so tough we don't neglect any possible improvement in our horses."

"Sure you could take a horse running dead last and increase him a few strides," says Meagher, "but so what? You want to work on the horse that is running neck and neck with some other horse. Then it makes a difference." Therefore Meagher has, of late, confined his talents to the equine elite.

Almost all horse trainers use some type of massage, however crude. Often it takes the form of grooming—the circular motion of the currycomb, the short, quick strokes of the body brush or perhaps a rubdown after the horse is exercised. Le Goff recalls doing "a sort of massage" on three-day horses before Meagher came on the scene. "We would take a cloth, folded up like this"—he makes a wad—"and pound on the horse. We would just pound him all over," Meagher's way. Le Goff confesses, "is

more sophisticated. He knows the structure. He goes right to the point. It is a refinement, and all of the refinements—in nutrition, in training, in physical care—are welcome because they improve performance."

Le Goff says, "I spend a lot of time just looking at the horses. I watch them move and if I see anything wrong, I tell John Meagher and he fixes it." Similarly, Meagher asks the riders to report to him any suspicious movement, any stiffness or resistance. It has made the riders more acutely aware of massage and its values.

"Massage goes to the source of the problem," says Meagher. "It doesn't just treat the symptoms." Finding the source isn't easy and, in fact, would be impossible for a novice. "It's all touch," says Meagher, who has extensive formal knowledge of anatomy and kinesiology. "I know I'm on the right spot because I can feel it. If you can't find the spot, you can't do the job, because the tissues even an inch away are perfectly normal."

In a stall with Bally Cor, Meagher demonstrates, standing ankle-deep in straw. He lines the big mare up parallel to the wall and begins a slow rat-a-tat with his hands. "I use the wall as my table," he says. The mare seems to know this and leans into the wooden stall partition. Meagher begins slowly, his open hands flapping gently at the horse's sides, then increases the pressure until he is using the base of his fists. Bally Cor relaxes under his touch. Occasionally, she nuzzles him as he works.

Then Meagher hits a "knot," as it is called, a tiny lump in the shoulder. "This could make her handquaters go stiff," he says. "Everything, you see, is interconnected. A little knot up here can throw a horse out way back here. It's like Dizzy Dean throwing his arm out by playing with a broken toe." The mare doesn't like this part of the treatment. She indicates her displeasure by lifting a foot and slamming it heavily against the side of the stall.

Meagher doesn't budge. Instead, he whispers a little chant. "Hall Mary, full of grace, hope she keeps her feet in place." He's never been kicked, he says. "In the beginning, though, the owners would laugh at me. The horse would twitch at a fly, and I'd jump four feet away. A lot of horses get touchy when

you're breaking up one of these spots, but then they'll just throw their tail and shift their weight. If you get a horse that doesn't like to be groomed—a horse that's a little ticklish—then he probably won't like being massaged. But, pretty much, they do like it."

By the end of the treatment Meagher, a big man, is breathing hard. "I go over every inch. I never do the neck first because most horses are a little nervous about the neck. I apply, oh, moderate pressure before I look for my deeper spots. What I'm doing is forcing the fibers apart—I call it fiber spreading—so that the muscles don't tighten up as fast." This increases the amount of effort a horse can expend. "If you ask me," Meagher continues, "massage is just common sense. Think of the things athletes do to decrease resistance—like swimmers, for instance, who shave their heads. Well, massage decreases internal resistance."

Meagher is used to skepticism. It is usually overcome. "We always have new kids coming up here," he says, referring to the riders who turn up at team headquarters for training sessions. "They usually see me working on a horse and they think it's pretty far out. It doesn't take them long to come around, because they can see the results right away."

So can Le Goff. When he broke a leg a few months ago, Meagher treated him. Le Goff believes the sports massage helped to restore him to soundness of limb. Several of the riders, following their coach's lead, have asked for Meagher's assistance from time to time. Meagher is not surprised.

"Heck," he says, laughing. "I remember doing a nicehorse in the morning, then doing the owner and his wife in the afternoon. I think I even patted the dog on my way out the door."

END

MEAGHER LEARNED HIS TRADE ON HUMANS



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HORSESHOES / Bruce Newman

New pitch for an old game

**PROMOTERS TALKED UP A YOUTHFUL
IMAGE, BUT A 58-YEAR-OLD WAS TOPS**

Horseshoe pitchers often grumble about what they call "our barnyard image." The world-class pitchers, many of whom have been perfecting their craft for 30 years or more, say it's demeaning to have the sport's results sandwiched between grain prices and hog futures on the Farm Report. "Most of us don't even know what barrows and gilts are," said one competitor at the World Horseshoe Tournament in Bristol, Pa., which ended a fortnight ago. The 10-day event attracted the 500 best pitchers in the National Horseshoe Pitching Association, and in between pitches the contestants were busy trying to move their sport out of rural obscurity and into prominence by going national. Toward this end, the horseshoers talked with O'Hara Management Enterprises, the folks who, ever so memorably, brought you pro track and volleyball, and on Michael O'Hara's recommendation the horseshoers retained the services of Joey Goldstein, the relentlessly ingenious New York public-relations consultant who helped bring you Evel Knievel's Snake River Canyon jump and the Billie Jean King-Bobby Riggs tennis thing. The idea is to stage a professional horseshoe tour. After all, if bass fishing is on the tournament circuit, horseshoe pitching can't be far behind.

Bold thinking like this is new to horseshoe pitchers. The sport's leisurely pace—it can take up to eight hours to complete a series of games—and the advancing years of its best performers have been the subject of smart-aleck comments for years. To offset this, flacks at the Bristol tournament stressed youth, claiming that the median age for the men's finalists was "only 33," which is not exactly a youth movement, except

maybe on the Washington Redskins. The PR efforts even hinted at machismo. A stat sheet noted that during the course of the 35-game tournament the average player pitched four tons of steel a distance of 27 miles.

For all this gimmickry, the Bristol tournament still had lots of down-home flavor. The world championship is really a kind of giant family reunion, and wives and kids are very much a part of the competition. Most serious horseshoe pitchers save all their vacation time for the summer, then spend it wandering from one tournament to another with family in tow. Carl Steinfeldt, a 58-year-old tool sharpener from Rochester, spent every vacation day of the first 25 years of his 37-year marriage traveling to tournaments with his wife Beatrice.

Steinfeldt took up the game as a teenager after being stricken with osteomyelitis. During a three-year period, he underwent 15 operations on his right leg, and at one point it looked as if he were going to lose it. He wore a steel brace on the leg until he was 16, and because horseshoe pitching was one of the few games he knew that did not require strong legs, he began tossing in earnest.

Steinfeldt is a great stocky man today, and he has grown so proud of his now strong legs that he often wears Bermuda



WINNER STEINFELDT TWIRLS AFTER A RINGER

shorts no matter what the weather. He entered his first state tournament in 1934, and has competed in world championships for the last 23 years. Twice he finished second in the world tournament, and he has never been out of contention on the final day. The old hands at Bristol said that Steinfeldt was a perennial bridesmaid and mistakenly wrote him off early in the week.

The dark horse in this year's tournament was supposed to be Bob West. Considered one of the top 10 pitchers in the world, West drove with his wife from Scappoose, Ore., though he could not be certain he would qualify once he got to Bristol. Qualifying is a long, brutal ordeal, and only the 48 best pitchers make it into the top flight of the round-robin competition. West, 54, was a Linotype operator for 18 years in Minot, N. Dak., but when technological advancements made his skills obsolete, he struck out for Oregon and found work in a cooperative plywood mill.

Like other horseshoe pitchers, West wants to see a pro circuit put together. He would probably quit his job to go barnstorming the country if there were any money in it. "If something happened so's I couldn't throw horseshoes anymore," he says, "hell, I don't know what I'd do. I wouldn't have anything to look forward to. What we do, it may not look exciting to the crowd, but when you're out there pitching your heart out, you could cut the tension with a knife."

The trouble the horseshoe people have had is translating that tension into something resembling excitement. Spectators, of which there were notably few in Bristol except for kin, are confronted with one afternoon and five evening sessions, each lasting more than five hours. Attention spans being what they are these days, it didn't take long for rampant boredom to set in. When Friday's session was rained out, two days' worth of games had to be completed Saturday. There is suspicion that the 10 hours' competition worked a greater hardship on the younger pitchers, not to mention the toll it took on the spectators, who saw more horseshoes thrown in one day than any human was ever intended to see.

The tournament very nearly never took place because of a misunderstanding with the local school board and several of the families in the neighborhood near the horseshoe courts. Fearing what they called "another Woodstock," the families

and the Bristol township school board brought suit against the tournament. The legal action was eventually dropped, and later one resident admitted, "We've had no problem with noise or fights."

The final day of competition produced several upsets, including the collapse of defending champion Elmer Hohli of Wellesley, Ontario, and Mark Seibold of Huntington, Ind. Only 22, Seibold is a superb pitcher, but as one senior citizen remarked, "It takes at least 15 years of world competition to shake the butterflies. The kid's just too young."

Curt Day, the implacable three-time champion from Frankfort, Ind., appeared to be the sure winner until he met Steinfeldt early on the final day. Day is the talk of the world tournaments because of his unconventional style. Most pitchers throw their shoes over the 40-foot distance so they twist clockwise as they sail toward the stake. Just as the 2½-pound shoe begins to glide into its downward arc, the jaws open and clamp around the 14-inch pin. Day's shoe makes a three-quarter counterclockwise rotation, a flight pattern which still tends to confound his opponents 30 years after he took the game up.

But Steinfeldt beat Day 50-46, and then he beat Seibold 50-41. This left Steinfeldt and Day in a deadlock after 35 regulation games, and a three-game playoff was arranged. The playoff didn't begin until 10:30 Sunday night, and with a cool breeze blowing off the nearby Delaware River there was some concern that Steinfeldt's goose bumps might cost him the tournament.

Day came out pitching ringers, and dusted Steinfeldt 50-18. In the second game Day broke to an early lead again, 34-18, and it appeared that Steinfeldt, the perennial bridesmaid, was a bridesmaid once more. "I looked up at my wife in the stands, and she looked disgusted," Steinfeldt said. "So I just decided to forget about Day and concentrate on my own game." The tool sharpener sharpened up his tools, proceeded to throw 20 consecutive ringers and beat Day 53-46 to tie the match. The final game was never a contest. Steinfeldt threw 29 ringers in his first 30 shoes, and wrapped up his first championship 52-31.

When he had won, Steinfeldt turned and sighed, "Finally, after 42 years." It was not a statement calculated to make the image-molders happy, but it was certainly good for the soul.

END

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Uneasy Rise of





a Brooklyn Star

The kid was just 14 when the kingmaker took over, and that's when the pressure began to build through a ghetto summer

by Rick Telander

Illustration by [signature]



Albert King will be 17 this December and every college in the country that wants a national basketball championship is after him. Albert's brother Bernard left their Brooklyn home two years ago for the University of Tennessee, led the nation in shooting as a freshman and took the Volunteers to a 21-6 record last season. The scouts who have seen Albert say that he will be even better. They have been watching him since he was 14, that's when the terrible pressures began to build and that's where this story begins.

Rodney Parker is on the first court, standing 30 feet from the basket, slowly cocking the ball. He is wearing red sneakers, sweat pants and a sun visor that splits his Afro like a line between two cumulus clouds. His tongue sticks out of one side of his mouth and, as he shoots, he tilts his entire body sideways like a golfer coaxing home a putt.

The ball arcs up and through the steel hoop and Rodney bursts into laughter. "Oh my God, what a shot! Pay up, Clarence. Who's next, who's got money?"

In 1966, Rodney, his wife and two children moved from the East New York district of Brooklyn to the Vanderveer Estates, the housing project that cups Foster Park on the

north and east sides. At that time the area was a predominantly Jewish, Irish and Italian neighborhood. The Parkers were among the very first blacks to move into the Vanderveer, and Rodney, a basketball fanatic since childhood, became one of the first blacks to hang out at Foster Park.

Never one to maintain a low profile, Rodney was soon organizing games between the white neighborhood players and his black friends from East New York and Bedford-Stuyvesant. He would preside over these frequently wild contests, usually from his vantage point as fifth man on a team that might include several college stars and pros. He would be everywhere, screaming, refereeing, betting money on his 30-foot shots, with 200, 300 or more people whooping it up on the sidelines. For identification purposes some people began referring to the playground as "Rodney's Park."

Then as now, Rodney's occupation was that of an independent ticket dealer, an activity that took him to all the big sporting events in the New York area and put him in contact with most of the sporting stars. He already knew several basketball heroes from his neighborhood, among them pros Lenny Wilkens and Connie Hawkins, and with the connections he made through ticket sales it wasn't long before Rodney was giving reports on Brooklyn players to coaches and scouts and anyone else who might be interested.

Rodney, whose education ended in eighth grade and whose basketball abilities were never better than average, derives a deep sense of personal worth from his scouting hobby. "I can do things that nobody can," he likes to say. He helps boys get scholarships to college, he pushes them into prep schools, he gets them reduced rates to basketball camps. He is known around the park as somebody who can help out if you play ball and aren't getting anywhere on your own. Kids say that Rodney knows everybody in the world.

Anthony Harris, a huge teenager under Parker's guidance, tries to explain what he knows about Rodney. "See, it's just that he helps a lot of us—particularly the ones that are in trouble—and we listen to him. He gets us into prep schools to fix up our grades, he tells us when street games are happening, he buys us soda and he never asks for nothing. I used to think, 'What's in it for him?' and when I'd ask him he'd just smile and say, 'Be cool. Be cool.' I call him the Mystery Man."

About himself Parker is alternately vague and provocative. "I like the ink is all," he tells me. And later, "I'm a story in myself."

It is a common saying in the ghettos of Brooklyn that if a boy is bad, he joins a gang and if he's good he plays basketball. Indeed, outright crime or idleness aside, there is not much else a boy can do. To ask any sampling of young men from Brownsville, Williamsburg, Bedford-Stuyvesant or East New York about their formative years, is to get variations on only two answers: "I ran with the wrong dudes," or "I played basketball."

In Brooklyn, most boys can remember a time when a gang took over the local playground, imposing a hierarchy

that was enforced even on the lowliest courts. Traditionally, some of the best undisciplined ballplayers have been members of gangs like the Black Spades or the Jolly Stompers of Brownsville, and the basketball talent wasting away in New York prisons puts those programs on a par with many universities. The coach of the Auburn State Penitentiary says, "What we have here in upstate New York is a transplanted ghetto playground."

Ultimately though, the two paths of behavior—call them the good and the bad—must split and a choice must be made. Basketball or not.

Jim McMillian, a star forward with the Buffalo Braves of the NBA, remembers when his family had just moved to East New York from North Carolina and he was forced to make a decision about his future.

"I was 13 and I'd never played basketball before," he recalls. "I didn't know anyone, not a soul, and I was terrified of everything. I'd just go by myself to this park on Sutter and Ashford and shoot baskets alone. I had the vague notion that maybe I could be good someday, but I didn't really even like basketball at the time. I mean, I didn't watch it on TV or have any idols or anything. I took to it because I was so introverted."

"I started playing all the time, weekends too, and when you do that it gets rough. Gangs, bullies, everybody gets on you. You take all kinds of abuse. You have to keep from getting pushed around. When you get down to it, it's hard to say what makes a lad stick out."

Being a loner was a blessing for McMillian because it helped him avoid peer pressure. But the single most positive influence came not from his father, who was no longer around, but from a fast-talking neighborhood man. "This guy kept coming into the park that first summer. I guess he was about 25, and I remember he had lots of money. At least it seemed that way because he had a big roll of bills and he was always peeling a few off to buy sandwiches and soda for everyone. He was always smiling and everybody seemed to know him except me."

"Then one day he came up to me and just started asking questions—how old was I, how long had I been playing, did I want to go to other parks to play? He said he could get me into a good high school if I kept working hard."

"He seemed so knowledgeable, not just about the park or basketball, but about society, the whole world. I asked him what his name was and he said 'Rodney Parker' and that was the start of it."

Rodney Parker, who lived just two blocks away in the East New York district, would remain young McMillian's guide throughout his amateur career. He would buy him shoes, teach him strategy, lose money to him purposely in shooting games so the boy wouldn't starve, then later watch proudly as the flowering athlete went on to become All-City at Jefferson High and later an All-America. There were no strings attached. Rodney was always just there, giving the companionship and direction McMillian might have received had he had a real father.

When it came time to choose a college, Rodney was

busy making sure McMillian went to the top. Deciding that the Ivy League would be a good setting for his gem, Rodney began riding the subway to Columbia University in Manhattan, visiting coaches, administrators, professors—literally talking his product into the elite school—then returning to hard-sell Mrs. McMillian and Jim as well.

Today, a highly paid NBA veteran, McMillian shakes his head over his good fortune. "Rodney was the big influence in my life. He just helped me grow up."

A mysterious benefactor is a highly suspicious thing in the ghetto where street rules maintain that above all, nobody does anything for nothing. Few players were as lucky as Jim McMillian but many, indeed, would not have been as gullible. Looking back, McMillian is amazed that money was never a factor in the relationship. "It's hard to explain, but Rodney is like a little kid. When he gets somebody into school, he feels like he's just put a puzzle together. He gets all excited. It's an identity thing. I have a hunch that what he'd really like instead of money is a title, you know, a telephone and a desk—his own little office."

"What I'd like to do," says Rodney as he steps through his cluttered apartment, snapping a set of upper teeth into his mouth, "is start a farm system. Discover kids in the Brooklyn playgrounds at 12 and 13 and work them from ju-

continued



mor high into the pros. I'd take care of them, be the guy to put them on the back and tell them what life is all about."

Sorting through a pile of college T-shirts he locates a sweat sock and an Ace bandage. "There's a gold mine of talent out there," he says. "Just in Brooklyn, just in Flatbush, just in this park. A college coach told me he'd recruit the entire block if he could."

Rodney gestures out to Foster Park which includes within its paved confines a baseball diamond, swings, a dry wading pool, a jungle gym, six handball courts, six basketball courts and not one blade of grass. If only numbers are considered the park demonstrates why basketball is the city game: the baseball diamond can accommodate 18 or 20 players, the handball courts 24, the basketball courts 60 or even 120 if the games are half court. And though one could look endlessly for a wide, grassy field or a golf course or tennis courts in Brooklyn, one can scarcely go two blocks without passing a patch of concrete where a few poles, backboards and rims have been erected.

Rodney puts his head out the window and stares at the crowded courts below. "What is it, 10 in the morning? And the place is packed, see that? With good kids, kids who work themselves half to death because they know how lucky they are, I can do wonders. Jim McMillian was so poor he had to put cardboard in his shoes, but he had the best attitude I've ever seen. But that isn't what I always get."

Not long after articles had appeared in the New York papers about Rodney giving a hand to a few lucky boys, he was besieged with pleas for help. Youngsters hounded him in the streets, begging him to get them into schools, to give them a chance. Overnight he became a magician, a miracle man. Mothers wrote pathetic misspelled letters imploring Rodney to take their boys who were on drugs or in gangs and pull some secret lever that would turn them around, make them good.

Finished taping his foot and tying his sneakers, a pair of which usually lasts him no more than a month, Rodney heads for the subway. Trotting past his park he begins talking about the problems he sees in his players. Like a farmer who can tell the weather by an ache in his big toe, Rodney is at times a fairly astute psychologist.

"Ghetto kids can't handle authority," he says. "And you know why? It's be-

cause 90% of them never had fathers. I know because I never had one. The only men they see are the guys on the corner being cool. They can't take being yelled at or embarrassed even for their own good because it's all part of the manhood thing, what they think a man is—never being told what to do."

Before dropping into the Newkirk Avenue subway station, Rodney buys a paper, one of perhaps three or four he'll buy in a normal day. He reads slowly, even feebly, and it is only the murder stories and sports pages that interest him.

Winston Karam, a 23-year-old Trinidadian immigrant now residing in Flatbush and working in the Wall Street area as a clerk in a shipping firm, is known as Rodney's "man." He follows Rodney around, plays him one-on-one, chauffeurs him in his (Winston's) new Oldsmobile. For his services he gets nothing. "I let Winston hang around with me," says Rodney, "because my life is so damn interesting." This is not entirely true. Winston is his own man, a friend who lets Rodney play the role, he stays around because he enjoys their association. This Saturday, Winston goes to the crumbling Fort Greene section of town to pick up young Albert King.

At Foster Park Albert steps out of the maroon car, seeming to unfold from the waist down. He has a long, dark face with deep-set eyes, eager yet cautious like a fawn's; his skinny arms are attached to exceptionally broad, bony shoulders. He is wearing baggy gray pants, a tattered yellow T shirt and the inevitable Converse All-Stars, blue and salt-crusted, and he is humming *Rock the Boat*. Rodney scurries up like a crab going after a fish head.

"The King is here! I'll put you straight in the pros. The hell with high school!" Rodney laughs joyously over his prized possession. Albert smiles, embarrassed as players stop shooting to watch.

The park is filled. There are games at every basket. Handball and paddleball are being played on both sides of the cement wall separated from the courts by rusting wire. Swings are screeching, soccer is being played by Haitians and Jamaicans in the asphalt outfield, a few white kids are playing softball, screaming "foul ball!" and "Trow it da home!" A

crap game is under way beneath the trees with dandies frozen in gangster poses. There are babies in strollers, men in undershirts drinking warm beer, women hollering at children, old men watching in silence. Rodney clears a court and sets young Albert on one team against Mike Moore, a 6' 7" pro from the European League, on the other. As the game begins Albert opens his mouth in concentration, and moves with a dexterity that brings "ahhs" from the small crowd. His boyish face looks misplaced on a body stuffing two-handed behind-the-head, batting shots away, hitting bullet outlet passes, screening the heavier, older players to snare one rebound after another. "Do it, Big Al!" screams Rodney.

People approach in disbelief. "Tell me the dude ain't 14 years old, Rod," says a small crap shooter outfitted like a tiny chunk of rainbow. There are moans as Albert slides by his man and hooks one in from the baseline. Albert stares straight ahead and ducks his chin to sprint, not responding to the crowd, embarrassed by his talent. After the game he hurries off with Winston for orange juice.

"Yeah, he's good," admits Mike Moore to Rodney after being soundly whipped. "But what about five years from now? The streets have destroyed better talents than his."

Sitting under a tree Albert clutches a borrowed radio and presses it to his ear, soothed by the blasting vibrations. He had met Rodney the previous summer in his neighborhood and was convinced to visit Foster Park for some pickup games. Rodney, who wanted Albert as badly as any boy he had ever seen, began showing up whenever and wherever Albert played. He bought the boy hamburgers and gave him subway fare, and at the beginning of this summer got him a job working in the office of sports agents Jerry Davis and Lew Schaffel.

Their alliance has now become somewhat official, though Albert is still less than certain as to what it all means. "Rodney was always just hanging around," Albert says. "People told me to stay away from him but I couldn't see why. He just seemed to like helping kids."

It hadn't taken any particular genius on Rodney's part to know that Albert, then 13, 6' 3" and in the eighth grade at Sands Junior High, was a rare find. In one game against older players, Albert

had snagged a rebound, dribbled full-court, switching hands en route, and stuffed the ball. His potential appeared as unlimited as it was natural. Once, when asked how he developed a left-handed hook, Albert said, "I don't know. I tried it and it was there."

But perhaps his greatest asset was a natural intelligence and a humility that made him eminently coachable. Told to fake left, go right and shoot from the key, he did just that. His teachers called him bright. He had no disciplinary problems. Ballplayers called his game "straight up," meaning it was aggressive, simple, effective—a rare thing in the ghetto where it is difficult to get youngsters to perform the basics, to convince them that Walt Frazier is great not because he passes behind his back but because his jumpshot is picture-perfect, his defense nearly flawless. Albert seemed to grasp this intuitively. When as a 13-year-old he had dribbled full-court and dunked, he had done it, he explained, only because no one had been open for a pass.

Ever fearful of the city's destructive forces, Rodney had scurried around until he found a sequestered high school in a small Eastern town where he felt the climate would be perfect for Albert's development. Away from the violence, the drugs, the peer pressure, the squalor of New York, Albert could put his energies squarely behind his game. He would never miss a class. His nourishment would be good. He would be a local hero. Indeed, wealthy benefactors had already offered to move the entire King household to the town.

All this Rodney continually laid down in great detail. "He'll be like a white kid," Rodney claimed. "So what if they give him a car? Kids in California drive to school, don't they? They don't worry about rats and junkies, they have money and good food."

But the young ballplayer had balked at Rodney's version of paradise, was balking now, and the indecision added to his overall restlessness.

"I don't think I want to go there," he says. "I've never been away from New York and this is where all the competition is. The best players are out in the playgrounds, that's what I told Rodney. But then I guess you do get bad habits, too, like carrying the ball and fouling—I don't know. And then I was thinking about my knees and how the pavement

messes them up. Especially since I grew too fast, a half inch last month. And then I play so hard here lots of times I'm too tired to do any homework, and sometimes I worry about the guys over at Fort Greene, the guys on drugs who want to get me with them. Rodney says this is my best chance to get out of the ghetto. But, I mean Brooklyn is my home, where I learned my game."

Albert fidgets, admitting he never realized there would be so much pressure involved. "Everybody's trying to tell me what to do, coaches telling me to go to this school or that one, go to Long Island, go to Connecticut, go to the Catholic League, go to private schools. People call so much I have to leave the house. They try to compare me to Connie Hawkins, saying I'm the next Hawk and that I'll get myself messed up the way he did."

"But that makes me mad. I'm gonna fight it. I'm doing better emotionally than he did—I got an 80 average now. And, now, look at me, I'm just a kid, I'm not even in high school yet. They say, 'Albert, what you gonna do when you get rich and famous?' Like they don't even think about me as a human being, just some sort of . . . thing. Famous? A million dollars? I don't want nothing, except I wish I had my own radio."

He has his radio now and he holds it in both hands like a sun reflector. Every time I bring the radio to the court he politely asks if he can borrow it—"Let me keep your box, Rick"—and then he retires alone to a secluded spot. If there is a cassette in the tape compartment he amuses himself by taping his favorite songs directly from the radio and playing them back at full volume. One night after he returned the unit I played the tape out of curiosity and heard *Jungle Boogie* five times.

When Winston arrives at the park, still in his coat and tie from work, Albert hops in the car and they drive off. Albert slumps in the seat and turns the radio up until it sounds like an avalanche.

"Hey," says Winston. "I can't hear anything." Albert taps to the beat.

"Albert," yells Winston above the noise, "when you're a senior in high school, you'll be worth a million and a half."

Albert stares in front of him, drumming on the radio.

"Maybe \$2 million!" screams Winston. Albert still shows no response.

"How about \$2.5 million and naked women?" Winston turns to look.

"You're sick," says Albert.

They tour Brooklyn aimlessly, its heights and its depths, past isolated mansions on Ocean Avenue, down Flatbush where decay is like fungus on cellar walls, up Fulton Street where the wreckage is nearly complete. Blacks in Brooklyn are passive invaders, hermit crabs, living in shells built for other creatures. Except for sporadic housing projects nothing has been built for them. It's a land of hand-me-downs.

Finally Winston drops Albert off at the Fort Greene Projects on Myrtle Avenue about half a mile from the Brooklyn Bridge. Albert lives with his parents, four brothers and a sister in an apartment on the 12th floor. He often has to take the stairs to his apartment because the elevator, like many of the other conveniences, seldom works.

The irony of Albert's current situation as opposed to the one predicted for him because of his basketball skills is becoming ponderous. Just yesterday he received a letter from Coach Lefty Driesell's office at the University of Maryland urging him to have an enjoyable summer and to fill out a basketball questionnaire. The University of Maryland has obviously heard about Albert King. There is also the fact that his girl friend just moved to Arizona. He feels so down he declines Winston's offer of a free snack at Colonel Sanders. "I don't feel like eating," he says. "Or anything."

The Eastern high school calls about Albert. The townspeople want him so badly they're ready to make him mayor. All the wealthy citizens are behind the project and there's big money to back it up—free clothes, free food, an apartment, undisclosed luxuries.

"Rodney," the spokesman says, "we can take care of the boy."

In the early evening a white man in a gleaming new Cadillac parks in front of the Vanderveer on Foster Avenue. He walks up to Rodney's apartment where Albert and Winston are waiting with small overnight bags.

The man is a representative of the Eastern school, and his eyes nearly burst from their sockets when he sees the 6' 5" teen-ager for the first time. As though fearful the boy might fade like a mirage, the man hurries both him and Winston

continued

out to his car, casting nervous glances the length of the uneven sidewalk. Once in the car they roar off into the night. They are going to visit for two days so Albert can look over the school and get "the feel" of the town. Winston is coming along as Albert's guardian.

Winston tells me about it. Local businessmen had come out to pay their respects as to some new deity. At the sparkling gymnasium, Albert had combed his Afro in the center court reflection and then tried a new dunk where he stood facing the hoop, jumped up, smashed the ball against the backboard, spun around in the air and jammed it through the rim backward. He learned the trick from watching Julius Erving on TV.

"When he did that the coach got real nervous like Al was from another planet or something," says Winston. "He said if Al came there he'd let him do the dunk and just take the technical foul." A 16-year-old boy, one of the starters on last year's team, had been brought in and Albert played him briefly one-on-one, disposing of him as easily as if he had been one of the children from Foster Park.

By now the coach was sweating with anxiety. Shortly afterward he made a call to Rodney.

"This coach is nearly crazy," Rodney cries to me. "They'll pay for everything—apartment, food, clothes; they'll even move Winston out there and give him a job. They have a spotlight to use on Albert."

In a tour of the town the school representative had shown Albert a few of the many stores he owned. "The man kept saying, 'Which one do you want?'" recalls Winston. "I've got 27. Go ahead, pick one."

"It's a perfect place for a kid to grow up," claims Rodney. "It's small, there's no ghetto, the coach is excellent. It'll make Albert humble."

Albert had been the picture of humility and courtesy on the trip. He opened doors for people, excused himself when necessary and maintained a profile so low that he even asked Winston to turn down *Rock the Boat*, his favorite song, when he felt it might be too loud for the others. "They couldn't believe this was a ghetto product," says Winston.

After a huge dinner cooked by the coach's daughter (Albert had offered to eat at McDonald's), Albert and Winston went to a theater to see *The Exorcist*. Al-

bert feigned disinterest, laughing at the frightening parts, as he was sure his cool friends in Brooklyn would have. That night at the motel, however, with the lights out, Winston got down on the floor and began shaking the legs of Albert's bed, moaning like a cow.

"Yaaaah!" screamed Albert, picking up a lamp.

"I had to grab him and say, 'Al, it's me, Winston.' He woke up people next door he was hollering so loud."

Though it was then 2 a.m., Albert was up early the next morning to watch the Saturday cartoons. Before checking out he gratefully made his bed.

After a farewell talk the coach asked Albert if he wanted to come to school in the fall. "I'll have to talk to Rodney," he said.

But he had not been sold, primarily because the place seemed too foreign, too eager, too bewildering for a youngster whose housing project was larger than the biggest building in town. "What would I be like if I'd grown up out here," he wondered in deep seriousness.

He also was not pleased with the way Winston had cynically depicted life in Brooklyn. "You should have heard him. He kept saying how bad New York was, like it was the worst place in the world, like you got your car stripped in five seconds...."

Rodney, nevertheless, is still confident that with prodding Albert will see it as a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. "Yeah, I know, everybody says leave him alone. No way, he needs guidance before it's too late. He's doing fine now, but so were a million other guys until the city swallowed them up. If he goes to that school, he'll be like a white middle-class kid going to a normal high school."

The fantasy of the white middle-class upbringing is a strong one for Rodney, appearing again and again in his conversations. That trying to simulate it might be a traumatic experience for a black youth like Albert never enters his mind.

"In a small town Albert will see the same people day after day and he'll get to know them as people, not just faces in a huge crowd. Here it's all appearance—nobody knows anybody. Friends will hurt you as fast as enemies. And there are no controls—it's too hectic and it blows kids' minds. Ghetto kids don't go to school, they don't learn anything, they don't even eat right. Hell, Albert

gained five pounds just on the trip. I mean this could be the start of the American Dream."

Albert, still brooding about his girl friend moving away and beginning to be hassled by Rodney's constant directing, went straight home after the trip. The fuss being made over him now is bigger than ever and he is not enjoying it. The week before he had told Winston that he was sad and just wanted "to be like everyone else." Among kids his own age he is stared at and pestered by morose questions. "Basketball, basketball, basketball—that's all I hear," he moans.

After a Youth Games tryout Albert is mobbed by the other players and forced into a position of authority which he handles awkwardly. Without conviction he becomes loud and abrasive; one senses that he sees through his own act. He talks about girls and money like an expert and tells one of the boys to carry his bag. He accepts their praise although it seems to make him uncomfortable.

At a candy store across the street the Brooklyn boys eat dinners of strawberry ice cream, cake and orange sodas.

"I think I'll tell Rodney I want \$50," says Al loud enough for them to hear. "Yeah, I'll do that."

He continues to act cool like the others, several of whom are secretly pocketing candy bars and potato chips.

"I've got to tell Winston and Rodney to quit calling me," he adds. "Winston wants me to go to a little old school out of New York. I'm staying right here. I'm from New York."

Today is the Fourth of July and Albert comes by because Rodney has invited him to a picnic at Manhattan Beach. Since the beginning of the summer Albert has changed—becoming at once more timid yet more prone to anger and to sudden bursts of sarcasm. He is wary, edgy and continually on the watch for false motives. The effects of the pressures are clearly starting to show. Rodney's threats of imminent disaster if Albert stays in New York have become almost a form of challenge to him. He is talking less and avoiding discussions of his future almost completely.

At Manhattan Beach, crowded and ugly under a scorching sun, Rodney drags Albert along with him, first to the basketball courts and then through the mass-

continued



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es of humanity to talk to some coaches he has spotted. Albert is reluctant, wanting simply to wade in the murky brown water and play with Rodney's children. Rodney is unconscious of the boy's feelings, leading him back and forth like a float in a parade.

Rodney gossips basketball in a ceaseless wave, stopping on the way back to chat with George Murden, a black coach in the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration's youth division. George has had teams play against Albert and is convinced he is unique. "He's much better than either Abdul-Jabbar or Hawkins was at that age," he says. "In fact, I believe he's better than any high school player in the city right now."

I have a small problem. A few days ago I loaned my radio-tape recorder to Albert and he has it now. "He takes it everywhere," Winston says, and offers to call Albert at work to make sure. He does and then calls me back to say that if I need the radio I'll have to ride into Manhattan and see Albert where he works for Lew Schaffel and Jerry Davis. "I told him you'll be coming," Winston says.

I wish I didn't have to take the radio back. Albert, I know, is at his wit's end, having nowhere to hide from the pressures of the basketball world—whether at school, the playgrounds or work—and the radio is a soothing balm for him. Yesterday's aggravation at the beach had unnerved him, and working in the offices of two big agents obviously eyeing him for the future has put him right on the edge.

When I walk into the office Jerry Davis calls Albert out from another room. He enters looking oddly sinister.

"Hi, Al," I say.

He says nothing. His face is tight and creased in a way I've never seen it.

"Listen, I have to borrow back my radio. I hope you don't mind."

Albert's eyes flash. "What do you think, I stole it?" he yells.

I look to see if he's kidding. "No, who said that? I just need it for a while."

"So who told you to come over here? I don't need your stupid radio." He glares at me.

"What's going on?" I ask, confused and a bit scared. "What's happening, Albert?"

Suddenly he begins to yell and curse. He goes into the other room and brings out the radio, thrusting it at me. "Go

back to Brooklyn!" he screams. "Leave me alone. Take it! Get out of here!"

"Al," I say, "I don't understand. I'm not accusing you of anything. . . ."

"Leave me alone!" he roars. "I don't want to talk to anybody. Not you, not Rodney, not anybody!"

He grabs his jacket and rushes out of the office, slamming the door. I look over at Jerry Davis and ask him what is happening.

"I don't know," he says. "I don't know."

A short while later Albert calls Winston.

"All people are sick, Winston," he says. "I hate them. I'm not talking to anyone anymore. I don't even think I should play basketball anymore."

Winston tries to settle Albert down.

"Hey, Big Al, you're the man," he says.

"No, I'm not the man. I'm just like anybody else. And tell Rodney I'm not playing in his park anymore."

Ever since I met Rodney I have been trying to determine exactly what it is he gets from all his whirling and dealing; why he works so hard discovering downtrodden boys and sending them to school, running up huge phone and food bills, with no apparent recompense. Does he simply get money for delivery? Is he looking for the one big apple to make him rich, or is it something more prestigious, that mythical "super-agent" job? Or is it simply good will—Rodney the hyperthyroid Samaritan in gym shoes? I've begun to believe it's all of them, perhaps in fluctuating unknown degrees. Rodney the Mystery Man. "He could keep an analyst busy for years," says his friend Bob Kalish, a part-time author. "He's an angel with unhealthy parts."

Albert King did not return to work after walking out in a fit of rage two weeks ago. "He could have at least called," says Jerry Davis, the nervous, elderly partner. "I guess he was too embarrassed."

Nor does Rodney understand how he personally could have been in any way responsible for Albert's flareup. "I think that's just the kind of kid he was inside all the time," he says.

About the fact that Albert was working all along in a veritable pressure cooker, Rodney only says, "Hell, it

was a good job and he worked hard."

Through his grapevine sources Rodney has learned that Albert has a new job working in a park not far from his home. He is employed by Gil Reynolds, a small, tough ghetto coach who is good friends with Joseph Jeffries-El, a wealthy Moslem minister. Somehow, Rodney says, the two have combined to pay Albert \$50 a week for doing nothing. "Some days he supposed to work on his shooting. Other days he works on his dribbling."

Yesterday afternoon Rodney called Albert and told him he was being bought, that the time would come when Jeffries-El, who recently has begun representing pro players, would own him. "He wants you for himself," said Rodney. After that Rodney yelled at Albert for being rude and for walking out of his job. Albert replied that he didn't care. Not about that, not about anything.

Moments after Rodney hangs up, the phone rings again. It is the coach at the Eastern high school and he is despondent. In today's paper Albert King has been named the MVP of the United States Youth Games. The honor is like salt in the man's recruiting wounds.

"I'm so discouraged. When he was here he said, 'I'll do whatever Rodney says.' But now he's with those other people." The man's voice is whining and sad, like a boy who has been sent to his room.

"You know how people say whites are always using blacks? Well, if he comes here he'll get treated better than anybody else, better than anything anybody could offer him."

"What's he got now—\$100, \$200 a month? Chicken feed, Rodney. We're getting together a lot of professional people to help. We can do what it takes. But I'd hate to have to buy the kid. I mean, I'm sincere. I'm down in the dumps but I'll fight it to the end."

Rodney hangs up and chuckles at the coach's frustration. He sighs deeply, then shakes his head, putting Albert King aside for now.

At 8:30 in the morning Rodney nearly tears his front door off the hinges, dashing out of the elevator and running two blocks to a small apartment building on the south side of Foster Avenue.

Before he is 100 feet away he is yelling, "Carlos! Carlos! Come on out!" At the doorway Rodney pounds on the buzzer. Sleepy-eyed, Carlos Blackwood pokes

his head out of a screenless second floor window. "What is it? What's going on?" he asks.

"How long have you been in America?"

"About three months, I guess."

"Are you a citizen?"

"No."

"I don't care. Do you want to go to college?"

"Yeah, sure I do."

"Ever been to Waco, Texas?"

"Where?"

"Never mind. I got you a full ride to a school down there. You got about 15 minutes to catch the plane."

Carlos looks at Rodney and smiles, a gold front tooth shining in the morning sun. Then he tilts his head and closes one eye, staring as hard as he can at the man below him. He leaves the window and dashes downstairs.

"Rodney, you're just slinging it. I can tell."

"I'm dead on the up, man. Would I be playing jokes at this hour? You got about 14 minutes now."

Carlos stares at Rodney for another instant then sprints back up to his room. While he is packing Rodney asks him if he has a high school diploma. Carlos says, "Yeah, sort of," grinning knowingly, and throws out a faded piece of paper resembling a Xerox of a cafeteria menu.

"What the hell is this?" Rodney says. "It's in Hebrew or something."

He shows the paper to the two boys who have followed him up from the park. One of the boys looks at the piece of paper. "Something about . . . refer . . . refer-ation . . . well, I'd say maybe refrigerators. It's got his name in the middle, though."

"Carlos," hollers Rodney, "what's this about refrigerators?"

Carlos shrugs. "It's 'refrigeration.' I was going to be an air-conditioner repairman in Panama."

On the way to the bus stop Rodney tells Carlos that the citizenship business will be taken care of in Texas. Then he asks him if he ever thought he'd go to college.

"No," says Carlos. "I just came here to visit for the summer. My parents were terrified of me being in New York. My mother told me never to sit in the window at night with the blinds open."

On his walk back to the park Rodney is filled with the magnitude of his power.

continued

er. "I changed the guy's life. It's that simple. Think if he'd gone to a park a mile away. Next year coaches from everywhere will be all over begging for players. I'll outfit the whole ghetto in T-shirts. . . ."

When Rodney arrives at the park, however, a sobering vision is there. Jim Dutcher, the assistant coach at Michigan, stands nervously by the swings. He is none too happy about Lionel Worrell, one of the school's future hopes who has dropped out and, following Rodney's advice, is about to transfer to Oral Roberts. As far as the Michigan people knew, Lionel had left school in the spring with no animosity and no intention of transferring. Something strange has happened since Worrell left, Dutcher suspects.

"Rodney," says the coach with a dark, meaningful look. "I can't believe he didn't change his mind this summer. I don't know who's to blame, but I'll tell you, Lionel belongs at Michigan. He had about as good a freshman year as anyone could have—sixth man on a Big Ten championship team, good grades, good student. Even after getting in at 2 a.m. from road trips, he'd make his 8 o'clock classes."

Dutcher looks at Rodney, who paces back and forth. "O.K., he feels he should have played more," continues the coach. "Hell, Steve Grote, the kid he played behind, made second team All-Conference, he had three 22-plus games, against Indiana he had 11 rebounds. Rodney, Grote's good. I'm not that he's white. He's gonna be a pro, I mean there were days when he beat the hell out of Worrell."

The coach halts abruptly, apparently fearing he has laid it on too thick. "Don't get me wrong, Lionel figures big in our plans. He keeps talking about the Notre Dame game when Grote didn't play well. O.K., maybe he should have seen more action that game. It's over. This is a new year, I don't know who's going to start. A coach isn't going to hurt himself, is he?"

Rodney and Dutcher argue about who has been influencing Lionel. "Coach, I'll tell you straight," says Rodney. "He came to me and he said he was absolutely not going back to Michigan. Absolutely. So I helped him find alternatives."

"Well, Rodney," says Dutcher, "this

is the freshman syndrome, never being satisfied. Transferring schools is just transferring problems."

In the midst of their debate Lionel himself rides a bicycle into the park. He is wearing the same easy smile he always does. Dutcher now is plainly distraught. He shakes hands, and Lionel's fingers nearly reach the coach's wrist.

"Lionel, what about my family, my job?" he says in a weak attempt at humor, his smile disintegrating almost immediately. "You just made us the fifth best team in the conference."

Lionel says that he's thought about the whole affair for a long time. "See, coach, I like you, but Johnny Orr and I don't see eye to eye. It might be different if you was head coach. Oral Roberts is a better situation. I'm looking to the future."

"Who knows what the future will be," says the coach. "Maybe I will be head coach, maybe I'll be gone. At Oral Roberts lightning may strike the good man himself."

But there is no dissuading Lionel, and Dutcher, sensing this, prepares to leave. He stops in front of Rodney again: this time his words are bitter, rancorous. "How long's that school been around? Maybe a dozen years? We've been in existence 157. Rodney, I don't want to see this kid back here in the park after two years."

He stares at Rodney, spins on his heel and leaves.

Over at the Noble Drew Ali Plaza in Brownsville, a low-income housing complex he developed himself, Joseph Jeffries-El stands in the parking lot next to his septa Mercedes; his three-piece white suit and tan sunglasses give him the look of a model from the pages of *Ebony*. He holds his palm out and catches a few of the first drops of rain. He is standing with Nathan Miltzok, a white attorney who is seeking to negotiate a pro contract for Fly Williams, another one of Rodney's playground kids, now a 6' 5" scoring machine for Austin Peay State University. The men step into a covered archway between two buildings.

Fly Williams had stopped by 20 min-

utes before and had talked for a while with some players who were waiting to go to a Moorish American League practice game in Queens. He stayed long enough to proclaim that if "Joe El says do something, I'll do it," but then he had left in his car saying he'd be right back. "Make sure you hurry," said Joe El, "we have to get out to the game soon."

Now Joe El has told the other players to leave. As he waits, Miltzok becomes restless. He is an intense, humorless man with a quick frown and a businessman's respect for punctuality. But as 20 minutes drags into a half an hour and then 40 minutes, the attorney frowns more pointedly. "I'll tell you," he says, "some of these damn kids are in the toilet, ready to pull the chain."

Fly is off somewhere, cruising in his Cougar, the biggest status symbol he has ever had. "He likes to pull up to stoplights and just look around," says Rodney. Even though Fly has no driver's license he has further car plans. A teammate, who just returned from Austin Peay, had talked to a friend of Fly's at a local garage in Clarksville. "He was supposed to send Fly four new tires for his Cougar, but while I was there Fly called and said he didn't need them. He's got a Continental ordered."

Miltzok paces back and forth and looks at his watch. He and Joe decide to leave without Fly after five minutes. The time goes by painfully. They wait another five minutes.

"I'm used to dealing with college players," says the attorney. "I mean guys who went four years, who are mature, who know what's up. I think these ghetto kids are afraid of failure, and that's why they subconsciously screw up."

"Take Joe Hammond over in Harlem, the big hero in the tradition of Herman the Helicopter, Manigault and the others. He had so many pro camps to show up at. But he never did. Why? Because if he didn't make it he wouldn't have the street rep in Harlem anymore—or the satisfied ego. And what else have these kids got besides their egos?"

"I can trace it back to this great city shooter named Rabbit Walthour. He played in the old American League for a while, and everybody said he was the greatest guard ever. Then he tried out for the Boston Celtics and didn't make it. From there it was all downhill. He still turns up at a bar around 139th and

From the book "Heaven Is a Playground" to be published in November by St. Martin's Press.

Lenox, but he must weigh 270 pounds."

Joe El takes another look down the street and then, shaking his head, he and Nathan Milotook climb into the Mercedes and leave.

Rodney, looking tired with bags forming under his eyes and a slight stiffness in his gait, asks me to round up a game. I relay the message to a kid who jogs out of the park. Rodney then takes a few of his patented 30-footers, the same shot he built his mediocre playground career around nearly two decades ago. He watches four shots in a row go through, shakes his head. "I shoulda been a surgeon," he says, then walks over to the bench next to me and sits down.

He relaxes now, stretching in the sun and squinting his eyes to catch the action at every court. Boys come up to him and ask if he can get them in schools somewhere. "Yeah, yeah, quit bugging me. I'll ship this whole park off to college before I'm done."

Rodney has said that his payment is having coaches tell him he sent them a great one or seeing a boy warming up in Madison Square Garden. But this is also his reward: the local small fry pulling at his arms, pleading, showing through their subservience that he is a man of power and respect. "Rodney thrives on helping people he doesn't know," says Winston. "He'll give a bum a dollar before he'll give it to his wife."

Boys begin to drift into the park, coming from various directions, indicating by the haphazard pattern of arrival the route the messenger took.

Rodney shuts his eyes and tilts his face into the warm, late summer rays. After a few minutes he gets up. He shades his eyes and leans forward. His mouth opens with the intensity of his gaze. His jaw goes slack. He shakes his head once. He sees Winston leaning against the fence and next to Winston he sees a tall, angular figure wearing long pants and a light blue jacket. Rodney scurries ahead several yards and, observing the circular Youth Games patch on the jacket, doesn't even look at the unmistakable features of the long, dark face now turning in his direction.

"The King . . ." he starts to yell but stops midway, trying hard to maintain the composure he has ordered for himself.

Albert King has been in the park for several minutes now, chatting with Win-

ston. Albert claims he'd just had "nothing else to do today," but his cheerfulness hints at more.

I walk up to him, rather cautiously, and say hello. I tell him I hope he didn't hold the incident at the agents' office against me.

"The thing at Schaffel's," he says. "I don't even know what it was about. I just forgot the whole thing. Let's not even bring it up."

Albert carries with him a huge AM-FM radio he bought with his earnings this summer, and when a favorite tune comes on he turns the volume to a roar and dances in place. "Rock-a the boat," he sings. "Don't tip the boat over. . ."

The main reason Albert feels at ease is because, for the moment at least, the recruiting war is over. Not knowing which of the dozens of fast-talking high school scouts to believe, he trusted none of them, enrolling instead at Fort Hamilton High School in the far southeast Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. Located in a white neighborhood, the school is mediocre athletically, old, with poor facilities and little sports interest, but it is where Bernard and another brother went and it is soothingly low-key. "Fort Hamilton accepted me, not a basketball player," says Albert. "I had to apply like a normal person. They didn't offer me nothing."

Now, with Rodney bouncing towards him, Albert can joke about the old man's waddle and slap his open palm.

"Come on, Big Al," says Rodney. "I've been waiting for you."

The park is virtually deserted. School started yesterday, and even the slicks and the dropouts have vanished, having relocated at pool halls and street corners where the action will continue regardless of classwork.

The first tints of yellow have come to the big maple tree above the main bench. In the bright sun the change is almost imperceptible, but the leaves make a dryer, clattering sound in the breeze, and someone who could remember the moist ripple of June would notice. The whole park seems bleached of its bright colors; the courts are still without their usual crowd. Except for a few mothers with babies, some boys already playing hooky and a few old men, the park is empty.

I sit alone, thinking, about other

things, about Albert King's return. Yesterday Albert had called Winston again and the two had laughed about their recruiting trip to the Eastern school. But after a few stories Albert had suddenly grown quiet.

"What's up?" Winston asked.

"Winston, I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"For what you won't get because of me, because I didn't go there, to that little town."

Albert then told Winston that all summer people kept telling him Rodney was getting money for players and would try to sell him if he could. Albert didn't really believe it then and he doesn't believe it now, but he was just too confused for a long time.

Personally, I was never convinced that Rodney was not actually selling his players in the fashion of the traditional flesh peddlers—dangling out talent to see which scout, coach or alumni group would pay the most. But a visit to Lew Schaffel's had shown me otherwise.

The talk around the playgrounds had been that when Fly Williams blew a reputed \$1 million no-cut Denver contract he lost Rodney at least \$100,000.

"We-ell," said Schaffel. "I guess if Fly had done things right he could have gotten more like a no-cut \$500,000, and if Rodney had signed a split-deal with an agent he could have gotten half of 10% or about \$25,000. But here we didn't offer him a thing. Nothing. Oh, we might have given him a little something as a thank you when it was all over, but he didn't even ask for money."

What was it then that Rodney wanted?

"He wanted to be Fly's friend," said Lew. "Just like with all these kids. He used to get excited and say that he'd like to be in the agent business. But he didn't realize what it entails. What he wanted to do was go around saying, 'Hey, how are you?' and shipping hands."

All that was two years ago. Albert is now 6' 6½" and will likely grow a bit more. But the height doesn't matter; his incredible playing does. When school starts in three weeks, Albert will be a senior at Fort Hamilton, the nation's best high school player hidden out, in effect, on what is otherwise an average team. The colleges are anxious. Rodney has done his work. The next time you read about Albert King, he'll be a superstar. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 9-15

BOWLING—DAVE FRAME of Bakersfield, Calif. won his first PBA tournament, the \$60,000 Buffalo Open, defeating Bobby Fenton of Costa Mesa, Calif. 207-197.

BOXING—The WBC returned the super-bantamweight championship to Panama's ROBERTO DIAZCO after an investigation of the events surrounding his title fight last month against South Korea's Yoon Dong Woon in Pusan, South Korea.

CHERRY—BENT LARSEN of Denmark won 25th round bronze medal. Ten-year-old Bent won 17th points. Lajos Portisch of Hungary, Tigran Petrosian and Mikhael Tal, both of the Soviet Union, tied for second with 12 points; they now will hold a playoff from which two will qualify to compete to challenge world champion Anatoly Karpov next year. Robert Byrne of the U.S. finished in a tie for fifth place with 10½ points while the other U.S. contender, Kenneth Rogoff, finished a tie for 13th with nine points.

[illegible]

HARNESS RACING—After winning his heat on track yesterday, **ARMISTO RANGER** (26-80), driven by Joe G'Brine, and the world record of 1:54 for a 1-mile track as he took the \$174,141 Adios Stakes for 3-year-old pacers in The Meadows in Meadows, Laners, Pa., beating favored Keystone One by a head in time 1:25.

HOCKEY—After months of rumors that the Cleveland Crusaders would be moving to Hollywood, Fla., the WHA announced that the franchise will operate in St. Paul this season. Last year's St. Paul entry, the Minnesota Fighting Saints, folded for financial reasons midway through the schedule. In another move, Ray Kroc, founder of the McDonald's hamburger chain and owner of the San Diego Padres, bought the WHA San Diego Mariners.

HORSE RACING—OPTIMISTIC GAL (54.00) Eddie Mylet up, scored a 10-length victory in the 9th running of the Alabama Saker for 3-year-old fillies at Saratoga Springs, covering the 11½-miles in 2:01½, a record for the \$80,915 race.

MOTOR SPORTS—After 39 tries, JOHN WATSON of Ireland won his first Formula 1 race, the Austrian Grand Prix, driving his Prostola 132.00 mph over the 34 laps of the 5.67-mile Österreich-Ring in 1:30.8.

October 24, 1992, NBC averaged 1.9 million viewers (17 laps to win the rain-shortened Tropic Turf Auto Classic). The race could have been complicated if it had started as scheduled, but CBS requested a delay so it could show Ronald Reagan arriving at the Republican National Convention.

SHOOTING—U.S. Army Major LONES WIGGER of Carter Mout defeated Olympic gold medalist Lanny Berven of Arlington, Texas, by nine points to win the NRA small-bore position championship at Camp Perry, Ohio. Wigger scored 3,175 of a possible 3,200 points, in winning the title for the fourth time.

DOCKERS—NASC, George Chynoglin, scored a second-year five goals and added two assists for a record 12 points in one game as New York defeated Miami 8-7. Rochester beat Tampa Bay 2-1 to claim a wild-card spot on the playoffs. The Hurricanes took Brad Pontus and the Arizona Coyotes to overtime, where they were outplayed for Minnesota after an overtime battle with a 2-1 win over Los Angeles and a 1-0 defeat of San Diego. Chicago the Northern Division champion, beat San Jose 2-1 in a tie breaker, while Los Angeles beat Dallas 4-1 to take a cross-town rivalry to Arizona. The Coyotes were eliminated in a clutch playoff blow. Four Coyotes were named to the All-Star First Team—Pett, Chynoglin, Keith Eddy and Ramon Maffia—along with Steve Rowland, Roberto Bares, Arnold Marmor and Tommy Smith. George Bay of Los Angeles, Jerrold Moore of San Antonio, Mike Smith of the Seattle and Anaheim Stars of San Jose, Jeff Hogg of the Houston

ASL New York took first place in the East with a 1-0 win over New Jersey. Second-place Rhode Island lost to the Apollon but beat Connecticut 2-0, with Theo Ntcholas scoring the winning goal. Chicago defeated Connecticut 1-0 and Cleveland beat the Yankees 4-3, each winner keeping its playoff hopes alive. The Utah franchise is under new management, and the Phoenix Horsholy Golden Spillants tied with Western Chicago writer Los Angeles 1-1 and defeated Tacoma 2-0.

HYPERMENEIS—Representing the Central Jersey Aquatic Club, JONNY SKINNER of South Africa and the University of Alabama set a world record of 49:44 in the 100-meter freestyle at the AAU national outdoor championships in Philadelphia, and Wendy Bogtvoet anchored the Central Jersey 400-meter relay team to an American record of 3:21.4 (page 14). Skinner bested the record of 49:99 set by gold medal winner Jan Montgomerie at Moscow.

TEENIS—Eleventh-seeded KATHY MAY, 20, of Beverly Hills, Calif., defeated 10th-seeded Regina Curyers of South Africa 6-4, 4-6, 6-2 to win the women's singles and \$4,000 in the \$157,000 U.S. Open Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis.

WTT. Billie Jean King, who retired from tournament singles competition after winning Wimbledon in 1973, beat Chris Evert, last Wimbledon successor, 6-4 in singles, then teamed with Virginia Wade to defeat Evert and Rosi Shaw 6-3 in doubles in the New York City. Seiz scored a 29-15 victory over the Phoenix Ragecats in a matchup of division leaders. Pittsburgh, named its last place in the East only a month ago, clinched second and a playoff berth by beating Cleveland 23-24 for its eighth straight victory.

TRACK & FIELD—DUNCAN MACDONALD, a third-year medical student at the University of Hawaii, set an American record of 13:39.4 in the 5,000-meter run at Stockholm. The previous record of 13:22.2 was established in Helsinki two years ago by the late Steve Prefontaine.

East German GUDRUN BEREND, MARLENE SCHNEIDER, BARBEL ECKERT and RENATE STECHER set a world record of 1:52.4 for the women's 300-metre relay in Jena, East Germany.

CREDITS

2nd Rising by Michael Ramus 8.9—John Iacono (5)
Tony Troia (3) 90.19—John Iacono (3) Tony Troia
54.18—Manny Mihan 40—Pete Reed Mihan 44—Car-
lissar 48.48—Lane Stewart 90—John Iacono 94—
606 Dancers—Indy and a News (1)

FACES IN THE CROWD

RONNIE SANFORD
Ph.D., M.A., M.Ed.

At the American Junior Bowling Conference League Junior Division I state tournament, Romine, 12, finished first in boys' singles, second in the boys' all-events handicap, fourth in all-events scratch and second in boys' doubles.

BFLAD AIRING



Sparking his VFW Little League team to an 18-0 season, Brad, 12, batted .540, had 17 home runs (two of them grand slams) and drove in 58 runs. Usually a catcher, Brad pitched four games, won them all, and made the All-Star team.

CHAPLAIN PAUL
HOLMES, D.D.



Paris, a 32-year-old machinist, shot a world-record perfect 550 points to win the all-around title at the Naisputnik Skeet Shooting Association World Championships in San Antonio. He also won a sudden-death shoot-off to become the 410 title.

NETTA YOUNG
Scripps, Pa.



Placing first in the 100 (130.8), 220 (24.5) and 440 (57.2). Netta, 16, scored enough points by herself at the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association track and field championships to win the state team title for Northeast Area High.

MICHAEL S. BARBERO
Editor, E. 4112

Playing for the unbeaten (16-0) Irvine Youth Athletic Association champions, Padres, Mike, a 7-year-old switch hitter was named team MVP. He batted 760 left-handed and .821 right-handed, getting 42 hits including 10 home.

BILL DODD
 D. 1994-1996



The 90-year-old Diddel, a retired golf course designer, scored his 14th hole in one by using the 185-yard 4th hole at the Woodland Country Club course. He beat his age with an 85 on the par-72 layout, which he designed.

Stress can rob you of vitamins



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

CHAMPIONS

Sir

Great cover, great story, great athlete (*Getting It All Together*, Aug. 9). Bruce Jenner for Sportsman of the Year.

STAN HARTZELL
Alton, Kans.

Sir

My son and I watched Bruce Jenner compete in all 10 events of the decathlon. On Friday we were at the stadium at 9 a.m., to see him run the hurdles and we left at 8 p.m. after seeing him get a standing ovation as an Olympic champion. Our comment was: "What a performance!" His picture should be on the cover of *SI*. And when our copy arrived, there it was. Awright!

ARTHUR J. GILMANSLER
Winconsin Rapids, Wis.

Sir

Awright! for Bruce Jenner, John Naber, Sugar Ray Leonard, Jenni Chundler, Dorothy Hamill, Sheila Young, Peter Mueller and the rest of our Olympic gold-medal winners of 1976. We are proud of them.

TIM FIGLERAS
San Francisco

Sir

To see SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's logo in Team America's colors was awright. It makes me feel good to be subscribing to the world's best sports magazine.

LYNN JOHNSON
Cochran, Va.

Sir

The picture of the U.S.A.'s 4 x 400 relay team reflects the essence of sport. The sparkle in Fred Newhouse's eyes is surely typical of the reactions of successful athletes the world over. A truly exquisite photograph by Heinz Klutmeier.

GLENN P. BRITZKE
Anoka, Minn.

Sir

Since it is difficult to find words to describe *SI*'s coverage of the Montreal Olympics, how about a number? 10.0.

RANDY WHEEL
Sevens Point, Wis.

OUT OF THE CROWD

Sir

What an astounding coincidence! Darrell Pace appears as a 15-year-old archer in *FACES IN THE CROWD* in your Aug. 28, 1972 issue, which previewed the Munich Olympics, and he returns to *SI* four years later as an Olympic gold-medal winner (*Top Draws by Two Aces*, Aug. 9).

DAVID F. APPELYARD
Northfield, Minn.

GENTLEMEN-BOXERS

Sir

Thank you for Pat Patnam's article on the U.S. boxers (*Oh, Brothers—They Put Punch into It*, Aug. 9). The courage and determination that each one displayed proves that the spirit of America lives.

RODNEY SHILBERN
Boone, N.C.

Sir

We had the privilege of watching the U.S. boxing team train here at the University of Vermont. We came to feel that they were our athletes. This feeling grew not from their boxing skills alone but from the fact that here were some of the finest young men produced in America. They were gentlemen in a violent sport. This team was also blessed with two of the finest gentlemen-coaches Pat Nappi and Tom Johnson. Their handling of the boxers was superb.

DENNIS LAMBLER
Director of Athletics
University of Vermont
Burlington, Vt.

Sir

You made the statement that Leon and Mike Spinks were the first Olympic boxing brothers. In 1920 Jack and Pete Zivic were members of the U.S. boxing team. Another brother, Eugene, became world welterweight champion. The Zivic brothers won no individual medals in 1920 (although the team finished second), so Leon and Mike are the first brother combination to win medals.

ROY CORPHER
Neel, Mo.

Sir

Cuba's Andres Aldama must be the hardest hitter of all time. According to St. Vladimir Krizev a Bulgarian when Aldama hit him and a Romanian when he woke up.

LESLIE C. MCANESY
Philadelphia

• Koles is still a Bulgarian —FD

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Sir

William Leggett's article (*TV/RADIO*, Aug. 9) correctly described ABC's telecast of the Olympics as "flaked by commercials," so frequent and repetitious that I stopped watching and listening." He also rightly noted, "Other things jangled: the rock concert, the mural painting, the interviews with non-Olympians" and the ineptness of most of the "experts" commentators. I hope this experience will help teach the TV executives and the TV talkers to devote the limited time left between commercials to providing more cov-

erage of the sports events and less of the commentators and nonsport irrelevances.

PHILIPAS INDRITZ
Silver Spring, Md.

Sir

I must disagree with William Leggett. The Olympics represent a celebration, and while most of the coverage should, and did, focus on the athletes, to limit it to them exclusively would be like limiting coverage of baseball's Opening Day to the game alone, eliminating such "distraction" things as the tossing out of the first ball.

As for the excess of commercials, I would much rather see private enterprise footing the bill for the telecasts, and have the freedom to choose whether or not to buy the products advertised, than be forced to pay for the coverage with my taxes.

ANDREW L. ADAM
Portland, Ore.

Sir

I wholeheartedly agree with William Leggett. I realize that the telecast of the Games must be paid for, and that it is only logical that advertising be the source of this revenue. However, I find it hard to believe that a more amenable solution to this problem—such as several large businesses joining together to sponsor the Games—cannot be found.

ERNEST M. FEINBERG
Fort Lee, N.J.

Sir

Talk about ripoff commercialism on television, how about excessive advertising in the print media? Practice what you preach.

PAUL L. SCHENKER
White Plains, N.Y.

CASTING STONES

Sir

I believe a grave injustice has been done U.S. high jumper Dwight Stones. How could the judges have neglected to reward adequately the remarkable effort of this outstanding athlete? Think of it: Stones made a jump of 7' 3" with his foot in his mouth, yet he earned only a bronze medal. Outrageous!

DANIEL G. WAYNE
Pelham, N.Y.

Sir

It is unfortunate that Dwight Stones had to play the part of the Ugly American in Montreal. Wearing stupid T-shirts and speaking casually about our neighbors to the north did nothing but cause animosity between himself and the French Canadian people. He did a disservice to the U.S. as well as to himself.

I am sure Stones will regret his conduct in later years when he looks back to Montreal, a little older and perhaps, a little wiser. It is

an American boy's dream to compete in the Olympics and Stones blew it, not on the field of competition, but off it.

ROGER D. SPICKLER
South Bend, Ind.

STICKING UP FOR SPITZ

Sir

Some of your readers were very hard on Mark Spitz (July 26). He worked for and reached a pinnacle of success that he will probably never see again. He was widely praised and applauded. No wonder he doesn't seem to want to let go of that moment or know what to do now.

Perhaps we expect too much of our instant heroes. Look what success did to George Best. Fred Lynn isn't faring as well as he did last year. These are not men playing boys' games. They are boys playing boys' games, and some can't seem to cope with their own talent and subsequent success.

JANE HERRMANN
Gloster, Mass.

DEAN SMITH'S TEAM

Sir

I thought the least I could do for reader Jim McKee (June 28) and other "angry Americans" who saw fit to cheer for Yugoslavia, Canada or Mexico instead of the American—oops, I mean North Carolina—basketball team, was send them a sympathy note, so here it is. It was a shame they wouldn't cheer for the U.S. team, which was obviously the best one there.

KAREN TAYLOR
Danville, Va.

Sir

Much criticism was leveled at the U.S. Olympic men's basketball team before the Games. Coach Dean Smith was chastised for the large number of Atlantic Coast Conference players chosen. Even though he had only one of 10 votes on the selection committee, it was felt that his influence was strong. Whether that is true or not is unimportant now. What is important is the masterful job Smith, his staff and his players did in Montreal. The most impressive aspect of Smith's effort was the manner in which he molded 12 offense-oriented players into a selfless, cohesive unit.

J. MICHAEL McMAHON
Tenafly, N.J.

ON THE ROAD TO MOSCOW

Sir

I returned from Montreal very excited about the sport of team handball. Unfortunately, the American sporting public knows practically nothing about it, and I blame you. Obviously the U.S. handball team is not yet good enough to win over the powerful Middle European teams. However, you could do a great service to our country and help us improve our team by publishing a story on team handball. There are plenty of outstanding athletes in America who would be attracted to this sport and before long we would be en-

pable of competing with the finest. Let's not wait until 1980 and Moscow.

DAVID D. DODGE
Columbia, S.C.

Sir

Although I applaud your Olympic coverage, you forgot to commend the U.S. Greco-Roman wrestling team (starting superheavyweight Pete Lee of Bull State). It won 12 matches, 10 more than in the previous Olympics. Even though the team did not win a medal, I think it is worthy of mention.

TIM JEVINS
Fort Wayne, Ind.

IN REVIEW

Sir

As an American who made his first pilgrimage to the Olympic Games, I have this observation: while it is true that the Games are too political, too commercial, too fractionalized and too fractionalized, the world would still be a much poorer place without them.

WILLIAM E. CARNEY
Montreal

BOTTLES AND CANS

Sir

I am among the 91% of Oregonians who approve of our state bottle bill (*The Point of No Return*, Aug. 2). It is startling that a huge and powerful lobby is reviving a national bottle bill. The best thing going for the bill is common sense. It has reduced litter and waste, and it has forced the creator of a problem to deal with that problem.

PAT WHOLE
Portland, Ore.

Sir

I am a resident of Connecticut, where I believe it is becoming a sport to toss the can for bottle. Just from my own front yard, street and driveway, I collect approximately 15 grocery bags of discarded cans and bottles a month. I see a desperate need for a deposit-law referendum or a bottle bill.

TIMOTHY W. YORK
Hudson, Conn.

Sir

By omitting certain salient facts, Jerry Uhrhammer made a good case for a bottle bill. The following points should be made in order to present the full story:

Uhrhammer mentioned only aluminum cans. More than 50% of beverage cans are made from steel and are easily (and profitably) reclaimed magnetically from municipal refuse.

A bottle bill means a net gain in jobs only in states such as Oregon and Vermont which have virtually no can-metal production or can manufacture. But a nationwide bill would result in a significant loss of metal-industry jobs and an overall net loss. Furthermore, the new jobs would be in marketplace bottle sorting, where the pay is minuscule compared to that of metal workers and can makers.

HILTON RAHS
Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir

The bosses will always use "loss of job" scare tactics to convince Americans that they have to increase production at all costs. When will they see that the fight is not uniformly between jobs and ecology but between an increasingly wasteful and a more moderate standard of living for all Americans? Companies like Alcoa will first drown us in rhetoric and then slither.

KENNETH MULLEN JR.
Brooklyn

Sir

I just returned from an Oregon backpacking trip with my family and can attest firsthand to the effectiveness of that state's consumer-deposit program.

I live in Pennsylvania and have traveled the U.S. fairly extensively. The highways and camping areas in Oregon are pristine compared to the roads and campgrounds I have seen elsewhere in this country, even in the sparsely populated areas.

Although I am "pro-business" on many environmental issues (and even own stock in a well-known national beer company), I am hard-pressed to see anything but benefits connected with Oregon's deposit law.

BENJAMIN N. HAYWARD JR.
Radnor, Pa.

BOTTOM LINE

Sir

What an interesting article (*Guardian Dragon of Sulphur Bottom*, July 26)! After being discharged from the Army in 1946, I settled down in East Texas. I used to go about 20 miles west of Texarkana on Highway 67 to hunt squirrels and cottontail rabbits. As I recollect, the place was called Red River Bottoms, but there was a winding creek at these bottoms called Sulphur Creek. I wonder if this is the same spot referred to by William Humphrey.

Before going into the Army, I had lived all my life in Minnesota, hunting and fishing in its complex forests and lakes, but they didn't compare to Red River Bottoms for wildness. The first time I went into those bottoms to hunt (without a dog, which I never did again), I had an eerie feeling. It seemed as though there were ghosts all about me. My erstwhile companion, a born Texan, and I separated. He told me just to follow the river back to our starting point and meet him at the car for lunch and beer. About an hour later (around 8 a.m.) I had six squirrels and was ready to go back to the car for a drink and a pack of cigarettes. I never did find the car. I followed that river all right, but I got turned around somewhere. At noon my companion got worried and started firing his shotgun at intervals. I heard him, but he sounded five to 10 miles away. I was lost. By four that afternoon I tossed my squirrels away, then my shotgun.

My buddy finally went to De Kalb to notify the sheriff's department, and the special

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

posse they had for just such emergencies found me around 8 p.m., just as I was about to build a fire for the night. Probably jesting, one of the posse told me that if I had built that fire and lain down to rest, I would have awakened with dozens of snakes gathered around me to keep warm. And when they told me that just the week before some guy had gotten lost in there and committed suicide, I sincerely believed them.

It was funny, though. I had walked about 25 miles and was only one mile from where our car had been parked and only about two blocks away from Highway 67 when I was found. If that's the same place Humphrey refers to in his article, do you suppose his dad's and Wyle West's bet was in effect?

PAUL LIAISON
Long Beach, Calif.

UNLADYLIKE SPORT

Sm

After reading your article on women weight lifters (*A Thoroughly Uplifting Experience*, Aug. 21), I have come to the conclusion that you've gotten pretty desperate for stories. Of all things! I realize that women may want to be equal, but lifting weights? Come on. Women's Lib is going too darn far. However, I am thankful for your article in one respect: I never laughed harder.

E. WAINE BIRKINS
Honolulu

Sir

I assume this is only the beginning of a series of stories about women engaging in "unladylike" sports such as football, boxing, wrestling, hockey, karate, judo and Kung Fu.

JEN McDONALD
Madison, Wis.

Sir

In my opinion, Shirley Patterson has done more for weight lifting than all the Russian superheavyweights. Thanks for a different type of story. But didn't you err and add about 15 years to her age? She can't be 40.

W. BEN JACKSON
Flint, Mich.

Sir

I was extremely pleased with your very nice story. However, there was a mistake that I feel should be corrected. It was stated that Natalie Kahn's lifts were 200 pounds in the squat, 135 pounds in the bench press and 300 pounds in the deadlift. I'm sure that Natalie must have meant these poundages as future goals. Her best recorded lifts are 160 pounds in the squat, 100 pounds in the bench press and 245 pounds in the deadlift.

SHIRLEY PATTERSON
North Hollywood Health Club
North Hollywood, Calif.

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1A

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